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A

JOURNEY

FROM

LONDON TO GENOA,

THROUGH

ENGLAND, PORTUGAL, SPAIN, and FRANCE.

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MDCCLXX.

LETTER LVII.

All men alike. Bookſellers and Printers. Character of the Spaniſh language. Spaniſh dictionary. Spaniſh etymologiſt. Góngora, Lope de Vega, *and* Calderon. Autos Sacramentales *and* Loas. *The devil in various plays. The devil turn'd preacher.* Auguſtin Moreto. *Not acts, but days. Unities little minded.* Sainéte, Zarzuéla, Entremés, *and* Mociganga. *The pariſh clerk. Tranſlations of the claſſics, and books of chivalry.* Quevedo, Feyjoo, De L' Iſla *and his* Fray Gerundio. Caſiri's *account of Arabic books.* Juan *and* Ulloa. Lopez. *Public libraries.*

Madrid, Oct. 10, 1760.

THE faſhionable characteriſers of modern nations, a breed that in this century has prodigiouſly multiplied all over Europe, are unanimouſly agreed,

that there is a very great difference between the natural inclinations of this and that people, and that (for inſtance) idleneſs is as much inherent in the Spaniard and the Italian, as the oppoſite quality in the Engliſhman or the Dutchman. But a great ſhare of ſagacity would not be neceſſary to diſcover the falſity of this aſſertion, and indeed of all aſſertions of this kind, were we but willing to ſhake off our own mental idleneſs, lay aſide our national prejudices, and exert our faculties in the eaſy diſcovery of our own perceptions.

Men have no inherent qualities but what are common to the whole ſpecies; and, ſhould we grant that thoſe characteriſers are right in their aſſertions, we could not avoid adopting the abſurd opinion, that Providence has been ſo partial, as to impart to one generation (for inſtance) an innate love of labour, and to another an invincible averſion to it.

That

That this is not the caſe, ſober reaſon would tell us, if we would but liſten. Sober reaſon would make us eaſily comprehend, that human nature has always been the ſame throughout the world, though the nations into which the world is divided, may temporarily vary from each other in ſeveral reſpects, and be alternately active or inactive, brave or cowardly, learned or ignorant, honeſt or diſhoneſt. Sober reaſon would inform us, that particular virtues and particular vices will at times take poſſeſſion of this or that tract of land, ſway its inhabitants for a while in ſuch a manner as to appear irreſiſtible; then loſe their power by degrees, ſhift away imperceptibly, and make room for other virtues and other vices, which will raiſe or ſink the people according to the nature of their tendency.

This rotation is inceſſant, though ſometimes quicker and ſometimes ſlower; but men continue ſtill to be eſſentially the ſame, ſtill endowed with the ſame ſuſ-

ceptibility of good and bad qualities, ſtill with the ſame inclinations, ſtill with the ſame general nature. Does activity prevail in one nation? The virtues which are the inſeparable concomitants of activity, will give ſuperiority to that nation over others. Does inactivity prevail? Inferiority will be the conſequence. Theſe were the cauſes that made this and that nation alternately great or little, glorious or inglorious alternately. Medes, Aſſyrians, Perſians, Macedonians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, Turks, and ſo forth, were by turns the greateſt and the loweſt people in the world. Each had a period, during which they were in a manner entitled to reproach this and that nation with idleneſs.

The Engliſh, who are at preſent the moſt active people that exiſts, ſtand of courſe quite at the head of mankind. How long they will enjoy the poſt of honour, no body can poſſibly tell. But every body can tell, that they muſt continue

tinue to exert themſelves with unremitted vigour if they will avoid retrogradation, as was the caſe with the French and Spaniards; who have in their turn been very active, not many centuries ago, and loſt the privilege of preheminence by a relaxation of that activity which animated them during a certain period. Let the Engliſh remit of their preſent vigour, and they will infallibly be lowered with a rapidity equal to that by which they have been raiſed. They will infallibly ſee ſome rival nation lifted up to their prejudice, and entitle the faſhionable characteriſers of the next generations to brand their unborn progeny with that ſame note of idleneſs, which they have at preſent ſome right to beſtow upon other nations, the Spaniſh in particular.

But let us ſuppoſe, for argument's ſake, the Engliſh ſtripped of their preſent ſuperiority over all the preſent nations, which they have undoubtedly obtained by dint of ſuperior activity: let us ſuppoſe

their influence not extending much beyond their native land, as it is in a great measure the case with the Spaniards: Can any body be seriously of opinion that the nature of the English would alter in such a case, and their present characteristics undergo any real change? That they would intrinsically be less courageous than they are at present? Less liberal? Less apt to cultivate all sciences? Less apt to perfect all arts?

Surely no such revolution would happen in their nature. They would virtually be just as they actually are, though those qualities in them might have fewer subjects to act upon than they have at present. The English would in such a case navigate less, fight less, give less, study less, work less: but this is all we can reasonably think would be the case in such a case.

These considerations often put me out of humour with those puny philosophers, [illegible] actually ringing in our ears, who are perpetu[illegible] that

that the Italians are naturally jealous, the French naturally volatile, the Germans naturally heavy. How can a man forbear to grow waſpiſh when a conceited fellow ſteps forth, and repreſents human nature in theſe falſe colours? Aſſertions of this ſort ought perpetually to be combated, and every opportunity ſeized to expoſe them as partial, as ridiculous, as abſurd, and as generally tending to raiſe the contempt and antipathy of one part of mankind againſt the other, which ought to be no body's buſineſs but the devil's. It is the devil's buſineſs to ſpread ſuch erroneous notions, that men may not conſider themſelves as brothers, but contemn and hate each other. Men not influenced by the ſuggeſtions of the devil, have long told us, that mankind are nothing elſe but a great family; and he is no great friend to that family who contributes his mite towards keeping it in diſcord and in enmity with partial and falſe repreſentations.

By this grave and prolix proem you will ſee at once, that I am far from having adopted the far-ſpread notion, that the Spaniards are naturally idle. If they do leſs than the Engliſh, the Dutch, or any other preſent nation; it is for no other reaſon than that they have leſs to do. Put them in a condition to be more active, and more active they will be. I judge of this by what paſſes actually under my eyes. I go to ſee them in their ſhops and other places where any work is going on, and I find that they do what they have to do with becoming chearfulneſs and ſpeed.

I viſited this morning a large printing-office in the *Calle de las Carretas*; a ſtreet ſo called, and chiefly inhabited by Printers and Bookſellers. The briſkneſs of above fifty workmen employed in that printing-office, was a plain proof to me, that when the Spaniards are put to it, they can be as active as other people. I aſked two fellows at one preſs, how many

ſheets

ſheets they could work off in a day, and was anſwered five and twenty hundred, which I thought a pretty good number, eſpecially as they were none of the moſt muſcular men. Were readers ſo numerous throughout this country as they are in England and France, the Spaniſh printers would work as much as thoſe of France and England; and by a parity of reaſon, the Spaniſh workmen in all other branches of manufacture would do as their manufacturers of books. What comes then of the aſſertions in disfavour of this nation, ſo much inſiſted on by ſhallow and malignant characteriſers, who are perpetually miſtaking effects for cauſes, and painting one part of mankind as intrinſically different from the other?

Having looked into ſeveral of the many bookſellers-ſhops that are in that ſtreet *de las Carretas* and in ſome other, I had reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at the vaſt quantity of books the Spaniards have written in their language. Before I came here,

I knew

I knew that they have in it a great deal of divinity, hiſtory, and poetry: yet I had ſcarcely any idea of their ſtock of literature. From the many titles of books that have paſſed in review under my eyes ſince I entered the kingdom, I have now got a notion that we have too much neglected an acquaintance with the knowledge collected by the ſcholars of this country. Of the learning of France we are tolerably informed in our capital cities, nor are we perfect ſtrangers to that of England, as we have tranſlated a pretty conſiderable number of Engliſh books. But we have ſhamefully overlooked the books of Spain, of late at leaſt, and know almoſt nothing of what they have been doing for theſe two hundred years, though our language bears a much greater affinity to its language, than either to that of France or England.

The Spaniſh language with regard to its ſound, ſeems to me even more harmonious than ours. It is at leaſt full as ſuſceptible

ceptible of muſick as ours, which is not the caſe with thoſe of England and France. Like that of Tuſcany it has ſome ſoft gutturality, which renders it quite enchanting to my ear. You may then eaſily imagine, that being ſpoken by a King and a court much more conſiderable than any in Italy, it is of courſe much more poliſhed than ours, perhaps more abundant alſo in words and phraſes. It is uncommon in Italy to hear people ſpeak Tuſcan with exactneſs and elegance, even in Tuſcany itſelf. But here every man and woman one degree above the vulgar, make it a point, as in England and France, to expreſs themſelves with the greateſt propriety. Many of their late writers have ſtrove to ſurpaſs their predeceſſors in this point, but is that the caſe with us? No. A great number of ours ſeem to have emulouſly endeavoured who ſhould ſurpaſs the other in forging barbarous words and barbarous phraſeology.

The

The Dictionary that contains this tongue, is full as voluminous as that of *Della Cruſca*, and was compiled by the members of an academy of Belles Lettres inſtituted here by Philip V, and called *La Real Academia Eſpañola*.

This dictionary is in ſix quarto volumes, of about ſeven hundred pages each, printed in 1726.

The firſt volume contains the dedicatory letter to that King, *a cuyas reales expenſas* (ſays the title) *ſe haze eſta obra*, "*at whoſe expence this work is carried on.*"

Beſides the dedication, that firſt volume contains a preface, a hiſtory of the academy, a diſcourſe on the origin of the Spaniſh language, another on Spaniſh etymologies, and a third on the Spaniſh orthography, together with a liſt of the authors, out of which the academicians compiled their great work.

Thoſe authors are noted chronologically down in that liſt, and divided into ſix claſſes.

The firſt claſs contains the authors who wrote before the year 1200. But I ought to ſay *author* and not *authors*; as under that claſs only one book is quoted, which bears the title of *Fuero Juzgo*. This book originally written in Latin, long before the Arabs conquered Spain, and tranſlated into Spaniſh in the eleventh century, as ſeveral learned Spaniards pretend, is here looked upon as the fountain-head of the Spaniſh laws, and the chief ground-work of their political inſtitution, like the *Magna Charta* of the Engliſh.

The ſecond claſs has but three books written in the thirteenth century.

The authors of the third claſs, from the year 1300 to 1400, are numerous enough, and ſtill more the following from 1400 to 1500, and ſo downwards.

The Spaniſh tongue has been cultivated as early as the Tuſcan, and their books written in the fourteenth century, differ but very little, with regard to words and phraſes, from thoſe that are written

written at preſent, which is the caſe with us; and the Spaniards, like us, have written upon all manner of ſubjects.

It is a very difficult thing to find the Spaniſh dictionary compleat. The academicians, it ſeems, gave away a great number of copies of the firſt volume as ſoon as printed, by way of compliment to all the conſpicuous men in the nation, on the ſuppoſition that whoever had the firſt *gratis*, would not heſitate to buy up the reſt as they went on publiſhing: but they were miſtaken, and a great many copies of the following five volumes remained upon the academicians' hands thus imperfect; ſo that, one may eaſily have theſe five for five doubloons, which make about four pounds Engliſh; but a compleat copy ſells for treble the money.

Beſides the dictionary, the Spaniards have a great number of books, that treat profeſſedly of their language. Amongſt the

moſt

moſt eſteemed are *Bernardo Aldrete*, and *Sebaſtian de Covarruvias Orozco*.

Aldrete's work is intitled, *Del Origen y Principio de la Lengua Caſtellana o Romance que oy ſe uſa en Eſpaña, &c.* Printed *en Madrid* 1674. You know that the Spaniards call their tongue by any of theſe names: *Lengua Eſpañola, Lengua Caſtellana, Romance Caſtellano*, or ſimply *Romance*, without the addition either of the word *Caſtellano* or *Eſpañol*; ſo that, *a man who ſpeaks Spaniſh* is "*un hombre* "*que habla el Romance.*" We call likewiſe our language by three names: *Lingua Italiana, Lingua Toſcana*, and *Lingua Volgare*.

The work of *Aldrete* (a thin folio) is likewiſe as rare as the firſt volume of the Spaniſh dictionary, if not more. I paid dearer for it than I ought, conſidering that I am a traveller not over burthened with money, but could not reſiſt the temptation, as I find that it abounds in that kind of learning for which I have al-

ways had a fondneſs. *Aldrete* traces the language of Spain as far back as the Romans, through the various changes it has undergone under the different nations that ſucceſſively invaded and poſſeſſed this country. His work is full of erudition, as you may well think that ſuch a plan required; and a good deal of rare knowledge is to be picked out of it.

Of *Covarruvias*'s book I have ſeen two editions, both in folio, and both in two volumes; the firſt edition printed in 1673, the ſecond in 1674 by the ſame printer, *Melchor Sanchez, en* Madrid. The ſecond is the beſt. It is intitled *Teſoro de la Lengua Caſtellana o Eſpañola*, augmented by *Remigio Noydens*.

This *Teſoro* is a kind of etymological dictionary. Several thouſand of Spaniſh words, derived from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Cantabrian, Gothick, Arabick, and other languages, are amply explained and illuſtrated in it. Few nations can

boaſt of ſuch etymologiſts as *Covarruvias* and *Noydens*.

Beſides the dictionary, the Spaniſh academicians have alſo publiſhed a ſmall octavo, intitled (*a*) *Ortographia de la Lengua Caſtellana*. Should any of you ever want to know Spaniſh more than tolerably, I have here pointed out the chief works that are indiſpenſably neceſſary towards ſuch an acquiſition.

Was it in my power to ſtay here but a twelvemonth, I would certainly endeavour to do what has not yet been done by any of our countrymen, and give Italy an inſight into the knowledge that this nation has been accumulating theſe ſeveral centuries. At preſent ſuch an undertaking is quite beyond my abilities. I have had Spaniſh enough theſe many years for common converſe, and can even feel many of its elegancies and pretti-

(*a*) *The beſt edition is the third, printed at Madrid* 1763. *'Tis an* 8*vo. of about* 260 *pages, moſt elegantly printed.*

neſſes, but never could apply to it with any great degree of vigour, never having been poſſeſſed of any conſiderable number of books at any time. *Don Quixote*, ſome lyrick poetry by *Boſcán* and *Garcillaſſo*, ſome plays of *Calderon* and *De Vega*, the hiſtories of *De Solis*, *Sandoval*, and *Herrera*, half a dozen *Books of chivalry*, with *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the poem of the *Araucana* and the *Tranſlation of Orlando Furioſo*, make near the whole of my Spaniſh reading. What can I do with ſuch a ſlender ſtock towards an undertaking ſo great, as that of giving a competent idea of the Spaniſh learning?

However, I will not paſs ſuch a ſubject in perfect ſilence, but communicate to you what little I have now in my power.

The poetical language of Spain ſeems to me to differ ſtill more from its proſe, than even the language of Italy. Some of the Spaniſh poets I find ſo very difficult, that I am ſtopp'd ſomewhere or other

other almoſt in every page, eſpecially when I read the works of *Góngora*, a ſatyrical lyrick, ridiculed by *Le Sage* in his famous romance of *Gil Blas*, but much eſteemed by this nation. To make myſelf an abſolute maſter of *Góngora*'s language, would certainly require of me ſome months of cloſe application, though I can read *Boſcán* and *Garcillaſſo* with as much eaſe as I do *Petrarch* and *Bembo*, whoſe lyrick verſes theſe two Spaniards ſeem to have endeavoured to imitate.

I need not tell you, that this nation has produced a great number of dramatick poets. The two that proved moſt voluminous are *Lope de Vega Cárpio*, and *Calderón de Barca*.

Lope de Vega, they ſay, has left in print more than three hundred dramatick pieces, out of twice *(a)* as many that he had written. Another imagination ſo fertile in plots and characters, has never

(a) Some ſay ſo many, that I dare not name the number for fear of being called fooliſhly credulous.

exiſted; and of *Calderón* I have in my poſſeſſion ten quarto-volumes, which contain near a *hundred and thirty* plays, beſides ſix other ſuch volumes of his *Autos Sacramentales*, which are a kind of religious tragedies, or comedies, or tragi-comedies. Of ſuch *Autos* he wrote very near *a hundred*, and there is a printed liſt of *another hundred* plays more, which are attributed to him, though not included in the collection of his works, publiſhed after his death by one of his intimate friends.

To enter into a criticiſm of theſe two poets' dramas, beſides that it would prove too prolix, is beyond my ſtrength. To ſit in judgment upon the theatrical performances of a foreign nation, requires much more knowledge of its language, manners, and cuſtoms, than comes to my ſhare with regard to the Spaniards. I can only ſay in general, that no nation, but the Spaniſh and Portugueſe, could bear the repreſentation of an *Auto Sacra-*

mental,

mental, of which there are many in this language, beſides thoſe of *Calderón*.

The aſſociation of ſacred and prophane made in this ſort of compoſitions, is not calculated for any people, but the Portugueſe and the Spaniſh. In all the *Autos* that I have as yet read, I find, amongſt other oddities, men and women brought in with allegorical creatures, with fabulous deities, with prophets and ſaints, with angels and devils, with the bleſſed virgin, and even with our Saviour himſelf.

For a ſpecimen of an *Auto*, I will only give you the names of the *Dramatis Perſonæ* introduced in one of them, written by *Calderón*, and entitled: *A Dios Por razon de eſtado*, "*To God for a reaſon of "ſtate.*

WIT, *a gentleman.*
THOUGHT, *a madman.*
The HEATHEN RELIGION, *an ugly lady.*
The SYNAGOGUE, *a filthy woman.*
ATHEISM, *a monſtrous man.*

St. PAUL *the apoſtle.*
BAPTISM, *a fine boy.*
CONFESSION, *a woman.*
PRIESTHOOD, *a man.*
MATRIMONY, *a man.*
NATURAL LAW, *a woman.*
WRITTEN LAW, *a woman.*
LAW *of* GRACE, *a lady.*
THREE WOMEN *ſinging.*

What would you ſay to ſuch characters, were they exhibited upon our ſtage, even on the ſuppoſition that they were ever ſo conſiſtent?

The *Autos* are generally preceded by a LOA, which is ſometimes a play by itſelf, and ſometimes only an introduction to a play. The *Dramatis Perſonæ* belonging to the *Loa* that goes before the above-named *Auto,* are no leſs extraordinary. Here they are.

FAITH, *a lady.*
RENOWN, *a lady.*
The POWER *of* REASONING, *a gentleman.*
THEOLOGY, *a lady.*

JURIS-

JURISPRUDENCE, *a lady.*
PHILOSOPHY, *a lady.*
PHYSICK, *a lady.*
NATURE, *a lady.*
MUSICIANS of either ſex.

You will poſſibly wonder at the many female actors introduced by *Calderón* in theſe compoſitions. But beſides that the words *Faith, Renown, Theology, Juriſprudence,* &c. are of the feminine gender in the Spaniſh tongue, you muſt alſo know that in Calderon's days it was not permitted to the men to act upon the ſtage; ſo that men's characters were then acted by women: and it is but of late years, that the Spaniards have obtained this permiſſion, I cannot tell whether by the government or the inquiſition. See the whims of nations! In England about a century ago no women were allowed to act; and this has been during many ages paſt, and is ſtill, the practice in the Pope's capital and in Portugal.

Beſides the ſacred which frequently precede the *Autos Sacramentales*, the Spaniards have other *Loas* that are not ſacred, conſiſting of one or two acts. Theſe are recited on ſolemn feſtivals, eſpecially on the birth-days and wedding-days of their Kings, Queens, and other great perſonages. In one of Calderon's, that was exhibited in honour of Charles II, amongſt the interlocutors I find three birds; that is, the *phœnix*, the *eagle*, and the *peacock*, together with the *twelve months*, and the *twelve ſigns of the Zodiac*. I will now give you leave to laugh at the French, who make not only *rivers* dance, but *roſes*, *tulips*, and other flowers.

There are likewiſe many *Loas* which are exhibited in the houſes of the nobility by their ſervants upon temporary ſtages erected for the purpoſe, eſpecially when the maſters happen to marry at their country-ſeats. A kind lord in theſe domeſtic *Loas* is ſure to be compared to Jupiter,

piter, Mars, or Neptune; as Juno, Venus, Minerva, Diana, and every poſſible goddeſs are moſt unmercifully brought to kneel before his new bride, or even his mother.

The low people here, they ſay, are much in love with ſpiritual *Loas* and *Autos*, becauſe they offer a great deal of theatrical pageantry to their eyes. But the beſt ſort are much againſt this kind of entertainments, which is a ſign that criticiſm is making its way in this kingdom, if I conjecture right. I am even aſſured that the King intends (*a*) to forbid their repreſentation, as the principal clergy have not ceaſed to make remonſtrances to him againſt ſuch dramas ever ſince he came to the throne.

As to the other plays of *Lope de Vega* and *Calderón*, many are the things in them that a critick might eaſily find fault with. They both diſguſt me often

(*a*) *His Majeſty forbad the Autos and Loas not long after the date of this letter.*

with

with the prolixity of their ſpeeches, with their ſuperfluous deſcriptions, with a medly of tragical and comical ideas, with their frequency of far-fetched conceits, with their bombaſt and fuſtian interlarded with puns and quibbles, and above all with their frequent aſſociations of real and ideal perſonages.

In ſpight however of their numerous oddities, incongruities, and abſurdities, I muſt own that I cannot eaſily lay down their books when I have once begun to read, and am ſo far an admirer of theſe two poets, as to rank them both in the very firſt claſs of poetical geniuſſes. The copiouſneſs and originality of their invention, their artfulneſs in entangling and diſentangling their plots, their vaſt variety of characters, their numberleſs ſentiments, the force and elegance of their expreſſion, their facility of verſification, and ſeveral other of their excellencies, fill me often with ſuch an enthuſiaſm, as to make me croſs rapidly over the ocean

of

of their errors, and forget the frigid dictates of ſober reaſon. Indeed the preſent race of play-wrights in France and England, the drieſt and coldeſt that ever any theatrical age produced, inſtead of neglecting or contemning the dramatick compoſitions of Spain, would not do amiſs to read many of them, eſpecially thoſe of *De Vega* and *Calderon*, not to imitate them at all, but to warm and fecundate their own cold and barren imaginations.

I muſt not omit to inform you, that the devil in a large number of Spaniſh plays, bears a very conſpicuous part, and is generally the protagoniſt of thoſe in which he is introduced. But wherever he makes the principal figure, I always find ſome angel, ſaint, or holy man brought in to counteract his ſchemes, defeat his purpoſes, and make him ſubſervient to the cauſe of virtue and religion. Excuſe a ſhort ſketch of one of ſuch plays. It may poſſibly give you a clearer inſight into the taſte and character

of

of this people, than any detail I could give of their general inclinations.

In the *Diablo Predicador*, "*The Devil "turn'd Preacher.*" the action is introduced by a long ſpeech of his devilſhip riding on a fiery dragon. In that ſpeech he vents his rage againſt the Franciſcan friars, who are continually robbing him of numbers, that would otherwiſe encreaſe the populouſneſs of his fiery regions. He has juſt got intelligence, that thoſe friars are come to ſettle at Lucca; and Lucca is a town in which he has long reigned in peace, thanks to the numberleſs vices of the inhabitants, who are now going to be converted, much to his prejudice and diſhonour.

To hinder the friars from ſettling in that town, the Devil orders his ſervant *Aſmodeus* to redouble his uſual diligence, and endeavour their expulſion before they get any firm footing, by ſteeling the hearts of the Luccheſe in ſo effectual a manner, that they may never be induced

to

to pity the hardſhips of the holy intruders, and relieve their wants with the leaſt alms.

The combined efforts of cunning Aſmodeus and his terrible maſter are ſo powerful, that the governor of Lucca becomes a moſt inveterate enemy to the Franciſcans, and the inhabitants inſtead of giving them loaves, loſe no opportunity of throwing ſtones at them. The perſecution proves ſo perverſe, that the pious deſigns of the friars are on the point of being fruſtrated, as they find themſelves in the moſt imminent danger of ſtarving.

But the *Niño Jeſus* cannot bear with any patience the double iniquity of men and devils: therefore comes down from heaven in his own perſon, along with the *Archangel Michael*; and, after a ſhort dialogue, orders him to go and bid the wicked *Principe de las tinieblas*, "*Prince* "*of darkneſs*," to aſſume the figure himſelf of a Franciſcan friar, and preach ſo efficaciouſly to the Luccheſe, that they

may

may ſoon repent their long errors, and return upon the abandoned road that leads to heaven.

The order brought by Michael the devil cannot diſobey. He frets and ſtorms, ſwears and curſes, and emits fire out at the mouth and noſtrils; but ſtill he muſt ſubmit, maugre his pride and wickedneſs. He turns Franciſcan, is choſen ſuperior to the little community, and enters upon his miſſion with a ſincerity and fervour that he cannot help.

But beſides the corrupted morals of the Luccheſe, he finds the morals of his new companions themſelves greatly wanting emendation. Hypocriſy and luſt, gluttony and idleneſs, pride and avarice, are in full poſſeſſion of the greateſt part of the little community; and theſe he muſt take upon himſelf to reform as well as thoſe of the townſmen.

One of the worſt friars in the convent is *Fray Antolin*, who has juſt begun an intrigue with an amorous devotee. The

cloven-footed Father (*a*) Guardian has not loſt any of his infernal privileges, though apparently metamorphoſed. He ſtill has the power of knowing the moſt inward thoughts of men; and the preſervation of this power enables him to detect all the ſchemes of the wicked friar *Antolin* juſt as they are going to have their effect. *Antolin* gives a rendezvous to his doxy; but the devil comes acroſs and diſturbs their meeting. *Antolin* embezzles ſome part of the alms given him for the whole community; but the devil brings him to an account for it. *Antolin* gets to a lonely place, in order to regale himſelf with victuals on a faſting-day; but the devil lays hold of him juſt as he is going to ſlice the ham and uncork the bottle, forces him to empty his ſleeves of all the dainties concealed in them, and condemns him to faſt the harder for it. Thus is *Antolin* expoſed to the audience

(*a*) *Father Guardian is the title given by the Franciſcans to the ſuperior of a convent.*

for

for a moſt vicious and cunning raſcal: and I cannot but wonder how the Spaniſh friars can bear this, and ſeveral other plays, in which they are moſt unmercifully ridiculed. Yet they laugh themſelves at the repreſentation of them; for you muſt know, that in Spain the friars are allowed to frequent the play-houſes, in which there is a particular place that is deſtined to the eccleſiaſticks.

Many are the humorous paſſages in the *Diablo Predicador*, and many the characters in it, that ſet off each other, chiefly to the diſadvantage of the religious orders, the Franciſcan in particular. But a nation uſed to more correctneſs in works of wit, could not eaſily be brought to reliſh this ſort of humour, eſpecially ſo ſhockingly intermixed with the ſentiments of the *Niño* and the *Archangel*, who are certainly not perſonages to be made ſubſervient to the purpoſe of diverting an unthinking multitude; nor can any apology be offered for ſuch indecent monſtruoſities.

ſtruòſities. Yet ſo blended are the notions of religion with the inclination to merriment in this nation, that this play, as I am told, is always acted to full houſes, and always with the greateſt applauſe. As to me, it ſhocked me ſeveral times as I peruſed it; but I muſt own that I could not help laughing moſt immoderately ſeveral times likewiſe.

To *Lope de Vega* and *Calderón de Barca*, we muſt add *Auguſtin Moreto*, who holds the third place amongſt the Spaniſh dramatick writers. I know but *ſix and thirty* of his plays, printed in three 4to. *en Valencia* 1676. What other works he has publiſhed I am not acquainted with. Some of *Moreto*'s plays are ſtill acted; and, by thoſe I have read, I ſee that (like his two predeceſſors) he has great beauties intermixed with great defects. The comedy, which he has entitled *el Cavallero*, is conſidered as one of the maſterpieces of the Spaniſh-ſtage, and I read it with pleaſure.

I know of no Spaniſh drama that is divided into five acts. The greateſt part of them are confined to three, which they do not call *acts*, but *days*; and a Spaniſh poet is here reckoned a great preſerver of the *unity of time*, if he does but limit his action to the ſpace of three days. Yet this unity is often neglected, as well as the other two, about which the French make ſo much noiſe, as if there was no poſſibility to divert and inſtruct an audience from the ſtage, but by ſtrictly adhering to them. For my part, I am not at all ſcrupulous upon this head. Does a poet ſtrictly preſerve the unities? So much the better. But when I go to a play, I go with a reſolution to give myſelf up to the deluſion of the ſcene: and provided the poet make his perſonages ſpeak well in their reſpective characters, I do not trouble myſelf much about petty deviations from the *three unities*. Let a plot be ingenious, the courſe of nature obſerved, the ſentiments juſt, the wit and humour

humour new, the elocution correct: and a poet may be ſure he ſhall not number me amongſt his cenſurers upon the account of any rule ſet down by the *Grand Corneille*.

Every comedy is by the poets of this country generally intitled *Comedia famoſa*, or *la gran Comedia*. In any other country, people would find fault with him who praiſed his own work with ſuch epithets; but here they make no more of them, than if they were articles. The *Comedia* may be damned on the firſt repreſentation, yet it is conſtantly a *Comedia famoſa*.

The Spaniards have ſeveral other dramatick compoſitions, beſides their *Autos*, *Loas*, *Tragedies*, *Comedies*, and *Tragicomedies*. They have the *Sainéte*, which is a kind of farce in one *Act*, or *Jornada*, "*a day*." It admits of muſick, and is often ſung throughout as well as the *Zarzuéla*, which is a kind of *petite piece* in *two acts* or *two days*.

The loweſt of all their dramas are the *Entremés* and the *Mociganga*, which generally conſiſt of one, two, or three ſcenes at moſt, the interlocutors ſeldom more than four, two men and two women. The greater the buffoonry, the moſt perfect the *Entremés* and the *Mociganga*. I will abuſe your patience ſo much, as to give you the ſubſtance of an *Entremés* entitled *the Pariſh Clerk*, which I found very diverting, in ſpight of its moſt unparallel'd abſurdity.

A peaſant opens the ſcene with his wife. "What, ſays he, what are you "about, huſſey? We have been mar-"ried three months, and you have not "yet brought me a ſon. Do you ima-"gine that I will ſuffer you to be ſo idle? "By Saint Anthony, I will have you do "as well as your neighbours, or I'll "ſtrangle you. Look at the barber next "door. He had as handſome a boy as "ever was ſeen, the very firſt week he

"was

" was married; and the Juſtice's daugh-
" ter was brought a bed of another even
" before the wedding. There is ſcarce
" a woman in the whole country, that
" was not a mother as ſoon as ſhe was a
" wife; and why ſhould you be behind
" them? Hark you, huſſey. My pa-
" tience is out. I am going to market
" to be back againſt dinner. If you do
" not bring me a boy againſt my coming
" home, I will certainly break your
" bones."

This ſpeech the poor wife attempts ſeveral times to interrupt, and ſtruggles to ſhow him how he owes it to her honeſty that he has not yet had his wiſh; but the clown is furious, and liſtens to no reaſon. He will have a boy directly, or will break her bones. He goes off ſtorming at her impudence in being ſingular, and will chaſtiſe her for her lazineſs if ſhe has not a boy on his coming from market.

Enters Pariſh-Clerk and a neighbour's wife.

" What is the matter ſays the dame. " What ails your man, that he is run " out in ſuch a huff? We came hither to " the noiſe, and thought he was going to " beat you. What ails the ſilly fellow?

She acquaints them both with her huſband's folly. " What muſt I do, neigh- " bours? Pray give me your advice, and " help me out of this ſcrape if you can. " He will certainly beat me if I do not " comply."

" Such a fool is eaſily managed, ſays " the other woman. We have nothing " to do, but to palm a child upon him."

" How can we contrive this, my good " neighbour?"

" We muſt ſwaddle up our Pariſh- " Clerk here, and lay him down in the " cradle; then tell your huſband, that " he is the boy you made in compliance " with his injunctions."

" This will do to a wonder, ſays the " wife. My huſband is ſo horrible a

" block-

" blockhead, that he will credit it. What " ſay you, Mr. Clerk? Will you be my " friend?"

The fellow will not ſubmit to be wrapp'd up. " Pray, Mr. Clerk, be ſo " kind!" " I wont indeed."—" Indeed " you muſt, or I ſhall be beaten moſt " unmercifully. Pray, take pity on a " poor woman!"

After a ſhort altercation the Clerk ſubmits upon a hint, that ſome of his glances have been underſtood, and that he ſhall be rewarded to his heart's deſire if he perſonates the child. Such an offer he has not the power to reſiſt, is ſwaddled up to the chin by the two women, and placed in the cradle.

Enters Huſband returned from market, and lays down a bunch of onions he has bought for dinner.

" Why, huſſey, what have you done? " have you—

" Pray, man, do not wake the poor
" baby. You have a child, and here he
" is. Look, look!

" Bleſs my eyes, this is a monſtrous
" big child! The cradle cannot hold
" him. What is this?

" Mind me, huſband. You were ſo
" much in earneſt, and frightened me
" ſo much, that fear made me make him
" againſt the common rules. Then you
" ſaid often, that the Clerk is the hand-
" ſomeſt man in the pariſh, and I took
" into my head to make your boy as
" handſome as he. Are you ſatisfied?
" Why don't you thank me? As ſoon as
" he gets up, he ſhall do your work as
" well as you. Perhaps better. What
" do you ſay, man?"

" I ſay, that thou art my beſt wife.
" He looks indeed every bit as well as
" the Clerk. I never ſaw any thing liker
" in my days. Let us unſwaddle him.
" I dare ſay he can ſtand upon two, and
" ſing a ſong with us. Huzza! I have

" a boy

" a boy as fine as the Clerk. Huzza, " huzza!"

Thus ends this *Entremés* with ſinging and dancing, as all *Entreméſes* do. I could not help abridging this odd piece of low buffoonery, and am much miſtaken if it does not make you ſmile. The *Mociganga*, is only an *Entremés* more loaded with muſick and dancing than the ſimple *Entremés*.

I muſt add in favour of theſe two kinds of compoſitions, that often they both exhibit very lively pictures of the manners of the lower people in Spain, eſpecially of the inhabitants of ſmall towns, villages, and farm-houſes.

The Spaniards have no dramatick compoſition in proſe. At leaſt I have never ſeen any. The verſe chiefly employed both in tragedy and comedy, conſiſts of eight ſyllables, ſometimes rhymed, ſometimes not. But with regard to verſification, they ſeem not to confine themſelves

to

to very ſtrict rules, as they often have whole ſcenes in other metres.

What effect ſuch medley of verſes may produce from the mouth of an actor, I cannot tell. The death of the Queen, as I ſaid, has deprived me of the ſight of a Spaniſh drama. In the peruſal that medley does not prove delightful to my ear; and I ſhould think alſo, that verſes of eight ſyllables muſt render the dialogue rather too ſlow by the neceſſity of frequent pauſes. But theſe poets know better without doubt, and have long felt which is the meaſure that muſt predominate in their dramas. Nations are never wrong upon this point; and I take it for granted, that cuſtom would ſoon reconcile me to theſe metres, which I cannot as yet reliſh. Coffee and tea did not taſte very pleaſant the firſt time. I did not like once the Engliſh decaſyllables, nor the French Alexandrines. But cuſtom has cured me of my diſtaſte.

Few

Few are the ſtrangers who know that this nation, as well as the Italian, has many good tranſlations of the Greek and Latin claſſicks, and that the greateſt part of thoſe tranſlations were made by order of Philip II, who by the generality of the modern Europeans is only conſidered as a political King, and not as a learned King, as he was; or at leaſt ſo far a lover of learning, as to lay out conſiderable ſums to have the claſſicks in his native tongue. But ſo few of thoſe tranſlations have been reprinted, that they are now become very ſcarce; and thoſe among the Spaniſh grandees, who have the whole collection of them in their libraries, are not a little proud of their treaſure.

It will poſſibly ſurprize you to hear, that it is alſo very difficult to collect all the works of *Lope de Vega*, though the moſt popular poet amongſt the Spaniards, and though many parts of them were often reprinted. I am credibly informed that the infant Don Luis, brother to his

Majeſty, has charged ſeveral of the King's miniſters, reſiding in foreign countries, to buy up any of the firſt editions of *de Vega*'s works, that come in their way. Yet he has not yet been able to form a whole ſet, though ten years are elapſed ſince his royal highneſs thought of it. There is no body (they ſay) that has an entire ſet, but the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who has the reputation here of being endowed with a greater ſhare of learning, than any other of the nobles.

I write down what I know on the ſubject of Spaniſh literature, as it comes into my head. Being but little, it is not worth the while to think of throwing it into method; and I rely upon your indulgence for the want of it. I thought before I came to Madrid, that it would have been eaſy to make a collection of the Spaniſh books of chivalry, of which we have near ſeventy tranſlated into very good Italian, and all printed in the ſixteenth century. But I find that to make

ſuch a collection would prove full as difficult, as to put together all *De Vega*'s works, or the Spaniſh tranſlations of the claſſicks. The Spaniards quickly buy up any book of chivalry that comes in their way; and happy is he, who can ſhow the largeſt number. I am told, that the counteſs of Oropeſa has a perfect collection of them at her caſtle in the village of that name, which was mentioned in one of my former letters.

As for plays, eſpecially tragi-comedies, the Spaniards have ſeveral thouſands. Some pretend near ſeven; which to me appears incredible, though I am perſuaded that they have more than we, who can reckon about four thouſand, good and bad. I am alſo told, that out of their ſeven thouſand, they have above three hundred which are ſtanding plays; I mean that are actually exhibited in the two theatres of this metropolis. Neither the French nor the Engliſh can count ſo many, as their audiences can ſcarcely bear the

the repreſentation of a hundred out of their national ſtock. However, I muſt ſay likewiſe, that as far as my judgment can go, the French and Engliſh audiences are much nicer than the Spaniſh. If there are many ſcenes in a play, that will make them laugh, the Spaniards will eaſily put up with it; and they will laugh at things, that would put a French or an Engliſh audience out of humour.

This however is a ſubject, on which I cannot ſay much, as what idea I have of the Spaniſh audience, ariſes merely from conjectures formed on the peruſal of their moſt popular dramas. A Spaniſh poet muſt abſolutely exhibit ſome burleſque character, even in the moſt bloody tragedy, if he will have a chance of ſucceeding; and to have the ſentiments and paſſions of kings and heroes intermingled with the wit and humour of inferior perſonages, is an aſſemblage, that would not be born upon the ſtages of England and France.

You

You know the name of *Quevedo*, whoſe viſions or dreams are tranſlated into Italian as well as in all the other polite languages of Europe. Little more than thoſe viſions is known out of Spain, of the works of this writer; but I am poſſeſſed of five thick quartos, by which I find, that he attempted greater things than works of mere wit and humour. He meddled much with hiſtory; politicks, and divinity; and the Spaniards rank him amongſt their greateſt poets. His biographer informs us, that he was a man of family, well verſed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabick, poſſeſſing beſides ſeveral of the modern languages. His chief excellence however, ſeems to have conſiſted in wit and humour, and his *Life of the Gran Tacaño* is a picture of the wicked and loweſt vulgar, ſcarcely to be match'd in any language. *Tacaño* means *a low cheat, a cunning low fellow.*

Amongſt the modern writers of Spain, the moſt renowned is a Benedictine Monk called

called *Father Feyjoo.* I have ſeen an edition of his works in eight volumes 4to. He is ſtill living and ſtill writing; but I have not read enough of thoſe volumes, to venture upon his character as an author. By what I have curſorily ſeen, I cannot ſay he would be looked upon on the other ſide the Pireneans with the great veneration that is paid him in Spain. Nevertheleſs, it is a rule with me, that a man univerſally eſteemed by his countrymen during ſeveral years, as it is the caſe with him, muſt be endowed with uncommon powers, be his weakneſſes and faults ever ſo numerous. The Spaniſh minute Critics have attack'd him ſeverally: and I take it for granted, that ſometimes they were in the right; it is ſo eaſy a matter to be ſometimes right, when hunting for faults and weakneſſes even in the beſt writers! Yet *Feyjoo*'s general powers have ſtood the malignant virulence of all Spaniſh Reviewers, whoſe wiſe remarks have been forgotten as ſoon as read; juſt

as

as it happens in England, where minute critics are no leſs plentiful than oyſters and muſcles.

Next to *Feyjoo* the Spaniards rank Father *Sarmiento*, Father *Flores*, and Father *Buriel*, the firſt a Benedictine like Feyjoo, the ſecond an Auguſtine, and the third a Jeſuit. One would almoſt think that the learning of Spain, like that of all Europe in the dark ages, is here confined to cloyſters. I have not yet had an opportunity of reading any of the things that have been publiſhed by theſe three writers; nor indeed of any other living Spaniard, except the HISTORIA *del famoſo Predicador Fray Gerundio*, written by *De Liſla*, another Jeſuit, of which I will give you a ſhort ſketch.

This book, of which only the firſt volume is publiſhed, is a 4to. of about four hundred pages, prolegomena included. It was printed in this town only two years ago.

The chief drift of this work is to mend the Spaniſh pulpit by turning into ridicule the bad preachers, who, it ſeems, are very numerous throughout this kingdom.

To bring about this laudable end, Father *De Liſla*, (who has not prefixed his name to his book) gives us the life and character of *Gerundio*, a man born of very mean parents, and moſt abſurdly educated.

Gerundio's parents are abundantly endowed with the numerous prejudices that ruſtics have throughout Spain. Amongſt other of their qualifications, they are moſt ſtupidly friar-ridden; ſo that, no ſmall part of their income is laviſhed in acts of hoſpitality to friars of all orders, who are always ſure of a meal and a bed whenever they go through *Campázas*, an obſcure village where they reſide.

Many therefore are the friars that *Gerundio* becomes acquainted with, before he reaches the years of adoleſcence, and many

many are the ſtrange and ridiculous notions he picks up from ſeveral of them; which notions are all faithfully depoſited in the treaſure of his tenacious memory.

Being yet a child, poor *Gerundio* is ſent to learn his letters of a country ſchool-maſter, whoſe ſtock of ignorance and preſumption is conſiderable enough. To give but an inſtance, out of many, of this ſchool-maſter's character, you muſt know that he has looked into many ſyſtems of orthography; but having great objections to each, he has ſtruck out one of his own, in which, amongſt the chief rules that he preſcribes and inculcates to his pupils in the moſt ſtrenuous manner, one is, that *the names of ſmall things muſt begin in writing with a minuſcular letter, and the names of great things with a majuſcular*. Thus a *mouſe* (for inſtance) is to be written with a ſmall *m*, and a *Mountain* with a great one. Woe to the boy who happens to err againſt this or any other of his rules! He cannot eſcape a ſe-

vere whipping; but *Gerundio* is never whipped, becauſe the more abſurd the precept, the better he remembers it.

Very lively are the colours with which Father *De Liſla* paints ſucceſſively the various characters of poor *Gerundio*'s teachers, and of the ſeveral blockheads from whom he gradually imbibes ridiculous notions.

From ſchool to ſchool, *Gerundio* riſes to the higheſt pinnacle of extravagance in thinking. From vicious orthography and vicious pronunciation, he is lifted up to puns and quibbles; then aſcends to anagrams and acroſticks; then mounts up to quaint conceits and Leonine verſes; and ſo higher and higher every day. Nor is he yet ſixteen when we ſee him ſo hardened in error, as to leave no further hopes for reformation. His mind is become ſo perfectly dark by this time, in which he turns friar, that the ſtrongeſt arguments againſt his notions of eloquence, urged in the plaineſt manner by

two

two or three learned and ſenſible amongſt his ſuperiors, not only prove ineffectual, but increaſe his perverſeneſs; and he puſhes on in his career with the moſt undaunted tranquillity, deſpiſing every day more and more all that is natural and of eaſy attainment, for ever puzzling his poor brains to diſcover new avenues to difficult bombaſt and far-fetched nonſenſe.

Such are the chief outlines of *Fray Gerundio*, a preacher of the firſt magnitude. *De Liſla* has not failed to give us ſpecimens of his firſt ſermons, with a view, as I ſaid, of reforming the Spaniſh pulpit, and making the bad preachers of his country aſhamed of themſelves. He publiſhed his book in this town, decorated with a good number of approbations obtained from ſeveral of the moſt learned and reſpectable people in Spain, to whom he communicated it, while yet in manuſcript. The inquiſitors them-

ſelves encouraged him to this (*a*) publication, and bore teſtimony in writing to the laudableneſs of his work, which they were of opinion would in a good meaſure bring about the wiſh'd-for reformation. *La Hiſtoria del famoſo Predicador Fray Gerundio*, (ſays Father *Alonſo Cano*, one of the reviſors for the inquiſition) *es uno de aquellos felices penſamientos que ſugiere por ultimo recurſo el apuro o el deſpecho en trances apretados, al ver fruſtrados los medios mas directos y propios.* "*The hiſtory of the* "*preacher Gerundio is one of thoſe lucky ex-*"*pedients that indignation or hard neceſſity* "*ſuggeſts when the beſt means have proved* "*ineffectual.*" And a few lines further:

(*a*) *Mr. Clark ſays, that this Father (whom he calls a Doctor)* "*has been perſecuted and ſilenced by* "*the Inquiſitors,*" *upon the account of Fray Gerundio. But the fact is as I repreſent it here. The Inquiſition, far from condemning the book, approved of it, and the approbation is printed at the head of it. But Mr. Clark is always ſo angry at the Inquiſition! He muſt run it down by all manner of means, and I have no objection to his zeal when it is ſupported by truth.*

Tam-

Tampoco ſe deſentenderà al obſervar algo cargada la doſis de ſales cauſticas y corroſivas de que no ſe curan con agua roſada las gangrenas. "*Nor are we to find fault if the* "*doſe of cauſtic and corroſive ſalts is ſome-*"*what too ſtrong, as cancers are not to be* "*cured with roſe-water.*"

Notwithſtanding the approbation of the inquiſition, and of ſeveral of the moſt learned amongſt the Spaniſh clergy, ſome Orders, eſpecially the Dominicans and Mendicants, roſe up againſt this book as ſoon as it was printed. They repreſented to the King (and indeed with very good reaſon,) that the reſpect due to the miniſters of the goſpel, would be too much diminiſhed by ſuch a piece of mercileſs criticiſm, and all religious orders rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar; the conſequence of which would be a relaxation, if not a ſubverſion, of the religion of the country.

This, and other ſuch arguments, urged by the friars with the greateſt vehemence,

and ſupported alſo by ſeveral biſhops; obliged the council of Caſtile to take the book into their moſt ſerious conſideration, which produced a ſuppreſſion and prohibition of it, rather for the ſake of peace than from any other motive.

It is therefore very difficult at preſent to get a copy of it, as a great number of them were deſtroyed in conſequence of the council's order. Yet I have had the good luck to procure one, and have already peruſed it with the greateſt pleaſure. As to language and ſtyle, few nations, in my humble opinion, have any thing finer than *Fray Gerundio*, and the preſent age has not produced a more humorous performance. Indeed I think the Spaniards quite right, who put it upon a par in many reſpects with the celebrated work of *Cervantes*. The *Fray* would have proved as deſtructive to the Spaniſh *books of ſermons*, as the *Don* was to thoſe of *knight-errantry*. Father *De Liſla* had a ſecond volume ready, but the prohibition

of

of the firſt put a ſtop to the publication of the ſecond, which now runs in manuſcript, and is ſaid to be quite equal to the firſt.

In one reſpect, however, this modern *Cervantes* is inferior to the old. He has ſtuffed ſome of his chapters with too much declamation againſt a Portugueſe book that was not worth a long confutation, and with ſome epiſodical criticiſms on foreign learning, in which he talks with too much preſumption and peremptorineſs of what he was but indifferently qualified to talk of. Theſe two errors, not only expoſe his ignorance in foreign learning, and ridiculous parade of erudition, but unſeaſonably interrupt the ſtory, with which he ought to have gone on without ever ſtopping, had he even been fully qualified for thoſe criticiſms. But, as far as I can ſee, this is the general defect of the Spaniſh writers both ancient and modern. They muſt ſhow away, and interlard every performance with much

much learning, though ever ſo remote from their ſubject.

Only one word more about this book of *Fray Gerundio*. The manners of the Spaniſh friars and Spaniſh vulgar are deſcribed in it to admiration.

Let me now give you ſome account of another work of a quite different caſt from that of Father *De Liſla*.

You know that at the *Eſcurial* there is a vaſt library, in which, amongſt thouſands of valuable manuſcripts in various languages, there is a large number of Arabic, of which the learned world has long wiſhed for an account.

Several attempts have been made at different times to gratify that wiſh; but always in vain, until King Ferdinand, who was predeceſſor to his preſent Majeſty, commanded Doctor *Michael (a) Caſiri* to aſſume this undertaking.

This *Caſiri*, a Syro-Maronite by birth, who has long been the King's librarian

(a) *Mr. Clark calls him* Syri.

at the Eſcurial, has at laſt after many years labour publiſhed a volume (to be followed by ſeveral more) intitled BIBLIOTHECA ARABICO-HISPANA ESCURIALENSIS, *ſive librorum omnium MSS. quos Arabicè ab auctoribus magnam partem Arabo-Hiſpanis compoſitos Bibliotheca cœnobii Eſcurialenſis complectitur. Recenſio et explanatio opera et ſtudio* MICHAELIS CASIRI, *Syro-Maronitæ, Preſbyteri, S. Theologiæ Doctoris, &c.* TOMUS PRIOR.

This book, juſt come out of the preſs in this town, is a folio of about 550 pages, printed with the beſt types on the beſt paper; and the manuſcripts noted down in it, amount to the number *(a)* of 1628, arranged under twelve heads; that is

(*a*) *They amount to* 1630, *though the laſt is marked* 1628. *Mere chance has made me obſerve, that the claſs of the* POETICI *begins by miſtake with the number* 268, *when it ought to be marked* 270, *as the preceding claſs of the* RHETORICI *ends with the number* 269, *by another miſtake marked* 259.

Gram-

Grammatici.
Rhetorici.
Poetici.
Philologici et Miſcellanei.
Lexicographi.
Philoſophi.
Ethici et Politici.
Medici.
Ad Hiſtoriam Naturalem pertinentes.
Theologici.
Dogmatici, Scholaſtici, Morales, &c.
Chriſtiani.

Many and very curious are the notices that *Caſiri* gives us in his Bibliotheca, which he could never have compiled, were he not a moſt ſtupendous maſter of the oriental tongues, and full-fraught with the moſt extenſive erudition. But I am writing a letter and not a volume; therefore I paſs over a multitude of thoſe notices, and will only ſkim over a few.

In the diviſion entitled MEDICI there are ſeveral Arabic verſions from the Greek of HIPPOCRATES, GALEN, and

DIOS-

DIOSCORIDES, with ſeveral commentaries by the Arabic interpreters, beſides a number of original works by ſeveral Arabic phyſicians, amongſt which RASIS, who was a native of Perſia; AVICENNA, the ſon of a Perſian, but born at *Bokhara* in Arabia; BAITA'R, a native of *Málaga* in Spain; and MAIMONIDES, of Jewiſh extraction, born at *Córdova*.

Still under this diviſion, Dr. *Caſiri* gives us (in his own Latin from the Arabic) the lives of the above ſeven perſonages, beſides thoſe of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, part of whoſe works, as it appears by this Bibliotheca, the Arabians had ſeverally tranſlated, as well as thoſe of *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and *Dioſcorides*.

In the diviſion entitled *Ad* HISTORIAM NATURALEM *pertinentes*, under the account of the codex that has the number CMI, we have a catalogue of thoſe Arabic authors who wrote *on huſbandry*.

The

The diviſion intitled THEOLOGICI, is chiefly made up with manuſcripts of the Alcoran, and with commentaries upon it.

Only eleven codexes form the diviſion that is intitled CHRISTIANI. The ſecond of them is *a confutation of the Alcoran*, written both in Arabic and Latin, by a Roman Friar; and the laſt is a *Grammatica Trilinguis*; that is, of the *Arabic*, *Perſian*, and *Turkiſh* tongues, with a verſion in Latin in every oppoſite page.

But the diviſion that took moſt of my attention, is that which is entitled POETICI. The manuſcripts numbered under this diviſion amount to the number of *two hundred and twenty-one*, of which *thirty-one* are in folio, *one hundred and five* in quarto, and the remaining *eighty-five* in octavo. Yet you are not to think, that the whole diviſion contains nothing but poets. *Caſiri* has brought under it both

both the writers of poetry and the writers upon poetry, eſpecially critics and commentators. I am very angry this very moment with my fate, that did not direct me to the ſtudy of the Arabic language, that I might go to the Eſcurial to read thoſe two hundred and twenty-one volumes, or underſtand at leaſt the ſhort ſpecimens out of them, which the doctor has brought into his book. How the Roman Arcadians would ſtare to hear me expatiate, on my return, upon the merits of the ſublime poets *Zohair*, *Abulol*, *Mahlab*, *Abdelmagid*, or the immortal commentators *Alſaied*, *Khalil*, *Abdalla*, *Fadlalla*, and a hundred others!

Several ſpecimens of Arabic poetry Doctor *Caſiri* has turned into Latin proſe; but acknowledging upon a certain occaſion, that in his literal verſion they appear rather childiſh than otherwiſe, he adds theſe words by way of apology.

Hæc carmina, ſi ſenſum ſpectes, peracuta ſunt; ſi verba, haud parum ingenioſa. Ce-

terùm, ut in aliis contingit linguis, Arabici verſus in alteram linguam converſi, non eam gratiam ac dulcedinem ſervant, quam apud ſe et domi habent: nec mirum, unus enim quiſque ſermo quandam elocutionis vim ac legem habet planè ab ea diverſum, quæ in ceteris obtinet.

In Engliſh, thus.

"Theſe verſes, with reſpect to the "ſentiment, are very acute, and the ex- "preſſion is ingenious. But it happens "to Arabian poetry, as to poetry in other "languages, that it loſes by tranſlation "its native grace and melody: nor is this "to be wondered at, ſince every language "has its own peculiar phraſeology and "force of expreſſion different from thoſe "of other tongues."

To this remark, which muſt be obvious to any one who knows but two languages well, *Caſiri* adds a digreſſion of his own, which he intitles *Arabicæ Poeſeos Specimen et Pretium.*

In

In this digreſſion we are told, that the Arabs cultivated poetry with the greateſt ardour: that the great people amongſt them, were moſt liberal to their great poets: that early in the morning of ſome ſtated days, the poets of Fez uſed to aſſemble at the houſe of the governor to recite verſes in praiſe of Mahomet to a vaſt concourſe of people; and that he, whoſe verſes were moſt applauded, received a hundred golden ducats, a rich robe, a fine horſe, and a pretty maiden. The reſt of the poets had but fifty ducats a piece: that in more remote ages, great ſkill in poetry intitled to nobility: that when any poet endowed with uncommon powers came to a town, the women belonging to this and that tribe, would go to meet him with timbrels and other muſical inſtruments in their hands, as they did when going to a nuptial feaſt; would treat him with a ſumptuous dinner, and point him out to children as a pattern for imitation. The poet *Alaeldin* (adds *Caſiri*)

received once five thouſand golden ducats *(nummi aurei)* from *Malek Aldhaer Bibar* king of Egypt, for two diſticks only, which (this I will add myſelf) would not in our days fetch five-pence from any monarch living. The diſtichs I will tranſcribe, that you may have a gueſs at their worth.

Moerore ne afficiaris. Quod deus decrevit, illud erit; quodque inevitabili decreto ſtatutum eſt, fiet.

At inter motum et quietem ex momento res componitur, et negotium hoc facile reddetur.

I ſuppoſe that in the original Arabick, the two diſtichs are very fine; yet modern ſovereigns know better the value of five thouſand ducats than to beſtow them upon diſtichs, be they ever ſo excellent.

Suffer me now to tranſcribe ſome paragraphs out of *Caſiri*'s digreſſion on Arabick poetry, as they contain ſeveral ſingularities which ſeem very curious.

Jam vero Arabes Europæorum more nec tragœdias nec comœdias agunt: an verò ſcripſerint, altum apud ſcriptores ſilentium; in hac tamen noſtrâ Bibliothecâ una, vel altera comœdia Arabicè conſcripta occurrit, de quâ ſuo loco. Græcorum fabulas ſuis carminibus non miſcent: à deorum nominibus, ut ab ipſa idololatria, maximè abhorrent. Suæ tamen ipſi non deſunt fabulæ, eorum genio et religioni accommodatæ. Sub fictis perſonis heroum virtutes extollunt, præclaraque illorum geſta celebrant: in vitia acriter invehuntur, corruptoſque mores proſcribunt: quo quidem in genere plures magni nominis inter ipſos viri excelluere.

Now the Arabs do not, like the Europeans, act either tragedies or comedies: nor does any author inform us, that they have written ſuch poems: we have however in our library one or two comedies written in Arabic, of which I ſhall ſpeak elſewhere. There is not in their poetry any intermixture of Grecian mythology; for they hold in the utmoſt abhorrence the names as well as the worſhip of heathen deities. They have however fables of their own, adapted to their own genius and religion. They extol the virtues of heroes and celebrate their atchievements under feigned perſonages. They inveigh againſt vice and ſatyrize corruption of manners; and in this ſpecies of poetry they have had ſome writers who have eminently excelled.

Arabica ergo poeſis, ut in cæteris linguis, ſuis aſtringitur numerorum legibus; alia tamen et planè diverſâ ratione, ut mox patebit. Hinc omnia ferè poeſeos genera, quæ Græcis ac Latinis artibus traduntur, habet et Arabica, videlicet carmina, elegias, epigrammata, odas, ſatyras, &c. quæ omnia ſimul collecta Divan, *id eſt* Academica *dicuntur: quo quidem titulo poetarum opera inſcribi ſolent.*

Arabic poetry therefore, like that in other languages, is confined to certain laws of metre; but thoſe of a peculiar kind, as will preſently appear. There are to be found in Arabic almoſt all thoſe kinds of poetry which we have received from the Greeks and the Latins; namely, idylliums, elegies, epigrams, odes, ſatires, &c. all which taken together, paſs under the general title of *Divan*; that is to ſay, *Academica:* with which title the writings of their poets are uſually inſcribed.

Arabibus placuit poeſim Scheer, pilum *ſcilicet, dicere, ejuſque ſtructuram ſtructuræ tentorii ex pilis caprinis, chordis et paxillis elaborati comparare: quapropter verſus* Bait *dicitur, quaſi perfecti metri ſtructura, ædificiumque abſolutum.*

The Arabians call their poetry (that is, the metrical part of it) by the word *Scheer*; that is, *hair* (or *hair-ſkin,*) and compare its ſtructure to the ſtructure of a tent made of goats-hair (or goats-ſkin) and compacted with chords and ſtakes: for which reaſon a verſe is called *Bait* (*a houſe,*) as being

Verſus

being a ſtructure of finiſhed metre, and as it were, a compleat building.

Verſus Arabicus ſyllabis longis et brevibus conſtat, ex quibus quatuor formantur pedes, quorum primus chorda levis *dicitur, duplici ſyllaba præditus, longa et brevi, ſive, ut Arabes loquuntur, litera conſonante* mota *et* quieſcente: *ſecundus* chorda gravis, *cujus utraque conſonans mota eſt: tertius* palus conjunctus *appellatur, cujus duæ priores conſonantes ſunt* motæ, *ultima verò* quieſcens; *quartus* palus diſjunctus, *in quo litera* quieſcens *inter utramque* motam *intercedit.*

An Arabic verſe conſiſts of long and ſhort ſyllables, out of which they form four feet, the firſt of which is called the *light chord*, being made up of two ſyllables, one long, the other ſhort; or, as the Arabians expreſs it, a conſonant *moved*, and a conſonant *quieſcent:* the ſecond foot is called the *heavy* (or *grave*) *chord*, conſiſting of conſonants which are *moved* (that is, have a vowel annexed to them not *quieſcent*, but pronounced): the third foot is called the *conjoined ſtake* (proceeding ſmoothly and uninterruptedly,) having its two firſt conſonants *moved*, and its laſt *quieſcent:* the fourth foot is called the *disjoined ſtake*, in which a *quieſcent* letter ſtands between two others, each of which is

Ex-

 moved

Ex hujuſmodi pedibus verſûs partes componuntur, alternatim ſibi mutuo ſuccedentibus chordis et paxillis, ex quorum diverſâ copulatione varia carminum genera exiſtunt. Metricam autem quantitatem, ſeu menſuram Arabes hiſce vocabulis exprimere ſolent, videlicet MOSTAFELON, *quâ voce tres pedes denotantur. nempe* chorda levis, palus disjunctas, *et iterum* chorda levis: FAELATON, *quo nomine tres quoque pedes exprimuntur, ſcilicet* chorda levis, palus conjunctus, *et* chorda levis: FAULON, *ubi nempe duo pedes occurrunt, quorum prior* palus conjunctus, *alter* chorda levis *eſt:* MOTAFAILON, quæ *quidem vox tres pedes, nempe* chordam gravem, chordam levem, *et* palum conjunctum *deſignat:* MOTAFAILATON, *quo tres pedes denotantur, ſcilicet* palus conmoved (that is, pronounced with a vowel).

Of theſe feet the parts of their verſe are compoſed, the chords and the ſtakes following each other alternately, from the different combination of which, their poems receive their different denominations. Metrical quantity, or meaſure, the Arabians denote by the following technical terms. MOSTAFELON, which denotes a ſeries of three feet; namely, a *light chord*, a *disjoined ſtake*, and again a *light chord*: FAELATON, by which they underſtand likewiſe three feet; firſt, a *light chord*, ſecondly a *conjoined ſtake*, and laſtly a *light chord*. FAULON, which denotes a combination of two feet only, the firſt of which is a *conjoined ſtake*, the other a *light chord:* MOTAFAILON, which denotes three feet; a *grave chord*, a *light chord*, and a *conjoined ſtake*;

Mo-

conjunctus, chorda gravis, *et* chorda levis.

MOTAFAILATON, by which are underſtood three feet in a ſeries; namely, a *conjoined ſtake*, a *grave chord*, and a *light chord*.

Arabicorum ergo verſuum dimenſio et quantitas non niſi in certo, ac alterno conſonantium mobilium et quieſcentium numero conſtitit: qui duplex eſt, Metricus *et* Rhythmicus. *Prior alternis conſtat pedibus; poſterior, præter pedum numerum, ſyllabis ſimiliter deſinentibus in fine ſingulorum verſuum gaudet. Hic interdum alternus, ut in epigrammatis, odis, &c. accidit: perpetuus aliquando eſt; ſed in ſolo carmine quod plures quàm ſeptem continet verſus.*

The menſuration therefore, and quantity of the Arabic verſe, conſiſts in nothing but in the determinate and alternate number of moveable and quieſcent conſonants: This is twofold, *Metrical* and *Rhythmical*. The former conſiſts of alternate feet only; the latter, beſides its regular number of feet, requires that each verſe terminate in ſyllables of the ſame ſound (that is, in rhyme). This is ſometimes alternate, as in epigrams, odes, &c, and ſometimes ſucceſſive; but only in ſuch poems as conſiſt of more than ſeven verſes.

Singuli verſus duobus conſtant hemiſtichiis, quæ ſimul ſumta ſtichon, ſeu integrum verſum conficiunt. Hemi-

Each verſe conſiſts of two hemiſticks, which taken together make up one intire verſe. Either of

Hemiſtichium alterutrum Foris, *ſeu* Janua *appellatur, utrumque ſimul* bifores, *ſumtâ metaphorâ ab oſtio quod duabus hinc inde foribus clauditur.*

the two hemiſticks is called a *door* or *gate*; both put together, a *bivalve*, or *double gate*, by a metaphor taken from a gateway, which is ſhut on each ſide by a *valve* or *folding-door*.

Priorem hemiſtichii partem acceſſum *vocant, poſteriorem verò* propoſitionem, *ultimam tandem ſyllabam poſterioris hemiſtichii, quæ reddit conſimilem deſinentis*

The former part of the hemiſtick, they call the (*a*) *acceſs* (or approach;) the latter the *propoſition*; the laſt ſyllable of the latter hemiſtick, which gives

(*a*) *As the Arabians dwelt in tents, we are not ſurprized at their taking their metaphors from objects about which they were ſo frequently employed, and applying them to what Milton calls the* building of verſe. *The word rendered by Caſiri* Acceſſus, *is tranſlated by Golius in his Arabic Lexicon* anterior pars pectoris, five thorax. *It may very well therefore ſignify* the anterior part *or* porch of the tent. *The next word* Propoſitio *is more obſcurely expreſſed. The original is derived from a word ſignifying* to offer *or* preſent *any thing*; *and it is tranſlated by Golius* palus tentorii. *As this* palus tentorii *was the veſtibule or threſhold of the tent, firſt preſenting itſelf before you entered the interior part, hence I conceive it took its name, and afterwards became a technical term in metre. But the word* propoſitio *conveys no ſuch idea, as far as I can ſee.*

nentis ſonum, pulſationem *appellant.*

Ex chordis, paliſque alio atque alio ordine diſpoſitis quindecim carminum genera deducuntur, quæ et quinque periodis, ſeu circulis continentur.

Primus circulus, qui VARIUS *nuncupatur, tria carminum genera complectitur, videlicet* longum, extenſum, *et* expanſum, *quæ ſyllabis decem longis, et quatuor brevibus, ſeu quatuordecim* motis *& decem* quieſcentibus *conſtant: ubi animadvertendum eſt tria hujuſmodi genera inter ſe diſtingui, non quidem ob majorem, vel minorem ſyllabarum quantitatem, ſed ſolùm ob* quieſcentes *et* motas *literas, quæ alium et alium in carmine obtinent gradum.*

gives the rhyme, they call the *pulſation* (or *knocking*).

From the different order and poſition of the chords and ſtakes, ariſe fifteen kinds of verſes, which are compriſed in five *periods* or *circles.*

The firſt *circle*, which is ſtiled VARIOUS (or *variegated*) comprehends three kinds of verſes, the *long*, the *extended*, and the *expanded*; which conſiſt of ten long ſyllables and four ſhort ones, or of fourteen *moved* and ten *quieſcent:* where it muſt be obſerved, that theſe three kinds are diſtinguiſhed from each other, not on account of the greater or leſs quantity of their ſyllables, but merely on account of the letters either *moved* or *quieſcent*, which accordingly are ranked in different degrees.

Secundus circulus vocatur COMPOSITUS, *quo continentur duo carminum genera, vide-*

The ſecond circle is ſtyled the COMPOSITE, under which are contain-

ed

videlicet perfectum *et* copiosum. *Utrumque* motas *habet quindecim*, quiescentes *sex diverso ordine dispositas: prioris mensura* MOTAFAALON *sexies sumtum, secundi* MOFAALATON *sex quoque vicibus repetitum.*

ed two kinds of verses, the *perfect* and the *copious*. Each has fifteen letters that are *moved*, and six quiescent, placed in a different order: the measure of the first kind is MOTAFAALON repeated six times; the measure of the other is MOFAALATON, which likewise is six times successively repeated.

Tertius circulus SIMILIS *appellatur*; *eóque spectant tria carminum genera*, cantilena, satyra, *et* breve carmen, *quorum quodlibet duodecim consonantes* motas, *et octo habet* quiescentes.

The third circle is called SIMILAR; to which belong three kinds of poems, the *ode* (or *song*,) the *satyr*, and the idyllium (or shorter kind of poem), each of which contains twelve consonants that are *moved*, and eight *quiescent*.

Quartus circulus dicitur CONTRACTUS, *ad quem pertinet sex carminum species, nempe carmen* velox, emissum, leve, simile, con-

The fourth circle is called the CONTRACTED; under which are comprised six species of verse; the *quick*, the (*b*) *ejaculatory*

(a) The three first and the last of these six words convey in the original very nearly the same idea. They are words signifying the quick, impetuous, and abrupt motion of an animal,

conciſum, convulſum, *quorum ſingula ex* motis *duodecim*, quieſcentibus *novem conſtant.*

Quintus circulus appellatur CONSENTIENS, *ad quem unum dumtaxat carminis genus refertur* conjunctum *nomine, quod ex duodecim* motis *et ſeptem* quieſcentibus *contexitur.*

Hiſce quindecim carminum generibus jam enumeratis addunt alii et decimumſextum, quod vocant duorum generum rhythmum Dhubait, *ubi ſingula hemi-*

tory (or *impetuous*), the *light*, the *ſimilar*, the *conciſe*, and the *convulſed* (or *abrupt*), each of which conſiſts of twelve letters that are *moved* and nine *quieſcent.*

The fifth circle is called the CONCORDANT, to which one kind of verſe, only belongs, ſtyled the *conjoined*; this is made up of twelve conſonants that are *moved*, and ſeven *quieſcent.*

To theſe fifteen kinds of verſes already enumerated, others add a ſixteenth, which they call the *double rhymed Dhubait*, in which each hemiſtick ends

mal, ſuch as a horſe leaping, or a ſtag bounding in its courſe. I think impetuous *would be a better tranſlation of* emiſſum *than* ejaculating, *and* abrupt *a better word than* convulſed. *They relate to the metre and not to the ſubject matter of compoſition.*

N. B. The author of this book owes this and the foregoing note, as well as the greateſt part of the Engliſh tranſlation of this long paſſage, to the learned Mr. Wheeler, profeſſor of poetry at Oxford.

hemiſtichia ſunt rhythmica: de eo Arabes poetæ acriter inter ſe decertant, eo etiam Perſæ vehementer delectantur.

ends with a rhyme. This is a great object of contention with the Arabian poets, and is what the Perſians are much delighted with.

Hujuſmodi præceptis non adeò religioſè aſtringitur Arabica poeſis, ut poetis ſyllabas addere, vel detrahere aliquando non liceat; maximè cum id ſententiæ gravitas, epiphonema, aut ſenſus acumen poſtulant: cujuſmodi licentiæ vel apud maximos cùm Græcos, tùm Latinos poetas exempla paſſim obverſantur.

The Arabick poetry is not ſo ſcrupulouſly obſervant of theſe laws, but that their writers may be ſometimes at liberty either to add or retrench a ſyllable or two: eſpecially, when either a weighty and pithy ſentence, or an epiphonema, or a poignant and acute ſentiment ſeems to require it: and liberties of this kind often occur both in the Greek and Latin poets of the firſt repute.

Additionem ſyllabarum in carmine Arabes Tarphil, *Græci* Protheſin *appellant, ubi carminis genus uno auctum pede, cæſuram* motafaalon *mutat in* motafaalaton; *earumdem autem rejectio, vel neglectus Arabicè* Athram, *Græce* Aphæreſis *dicitur atque hæc de*

The addition of one or more ſyllables in a verſe the Arabians call by the word *Tarphil*, the Greek by the word *Proſtheſis*; in this caſe the verſe, when enlarged by one foot, changes the coſma *motafaalon* into that of *motafaalaton*; the abridging or

de Arabicâ poeſi pro noſtro inſtituto dicta ſint; qui verò plura curioſiùs quæſierit, conſulat inter Latinos P. Philippum Guadagnoli *in opere Latino-Arabico de* Arabicæ Linguæ Inſtitutionibus, *Romæ edito anno* MDCXLII, *ubi omnem artem Arabici metri, quam elegantiſſimis verſibus eſt proſecutus poetarum facilè princeps* Dhialdinus, *cognomento* Alkhazragæus, *patria* Hiſpanus, *laudatus pater Latinè reddidit: ad cujus operis calcem variam etiam Poeſeos Arabicæ ſpecimina occurrunt.*

or dropping of ſyllables at the end is called by the Arabians *Athram*, by the Greeks *Aphœreſis*; and let this ſuffice concerning the Arabick poetry, as far as relates to my preſent purpoſe: He who is curious enough to deſire further information upon this article, may conſult (among others who have treated this ſubject in Latin) *Father Philip Guadagnoli* in a work publiſhed at Rome in Latin and Arabick in the year 1642. intitled *Inſtitutions of the Arabick language.* In this book Guadagnoli has rendered into Latin the whole ſyſtem of Arabick metre, which *Dhialdin* furnamed Alkhazragœus, by birth a Spaniard, the firſt of poets, has given us in moſt elegant verſe: at the end of which treatiſe we are alſo preſented with various ſpecimens of Arabick poetry.

I hope

I hope this long quotation from Caſiri's work will prove acceptable, as it gives an idea of Arabick proſody, which is a thing not eaſily got at in books. But is it not ſurprizing, that a nation ſo fond of poetry, as the Arabs ſeem to have been, and poſſeſſed once of large tracts of land in three parts of the world, ſhould never think of having theatrical exhibitions, and neither write tragedies nor comedies? What difference between nations and nations!

That the Arabs were great lovers of poetry, the manuſcripts in the Eſcurial are undeniable witneſſes. In that which is marked with the number CCCLIV, there are two catalogues of poetical writers, of whom little now remains but their names in that manuſcript. The firſt liſt contains *thirty* of thoſe names, the ſecond *one hundred and two:* and in the number following there is another catalogue of *fifty-nine* more.

The

The manuſcript marked CCCCLVI, contains a collection of EPIGRAMMATA *de præpoſtera libidine*, intitled *puerorum deſcriptiones*. The collector was one *Badereldin*, of whom doctor *Caſiri* ſpeaks thus, " *Homo perditiſſimus, ex viginti* " *poetis qui de hujuſmodi argumento ſcrip-* " *ſere, curioſè nimis collegit, collectaque in* " *hunc librum congeſſit. Epigrammata, ſi* " *obſcenitatem omittes, elegantiſſima dixeris.*" That is; *a moſt profligate man, who too carefully collected* (theſe epigrams) *and formed this book out of twenty poets that wrote upon this ſubject. Overlook the obſcenity, and you will ſay that the epigrams are very elegant.*

But it ſeems that *Badereldin* and the twenty poets, from which he collected the epigrams, were not the only wicked writers of their nation. *Caſiri* under the number CCLXXI, gives this account of *Abulol*, a native of Syria, who died blind in 1057. " *Eum ex carminibus, ut* " *ingenioſum et acutum poetam, ita quoque* " *mi-*

" *minimè religioſum eſſe apparet quod Chriſ-*
" *tianam religionem, ac Judaicam et Maho-*
" *metanam ſectas impudentiſſimè ſæpius de-*
" *rideat.*" That is: *It appears that this ingenious and witty poet was not at all religious, as he often and moſt impudently derided the Chriſtian religion, as well as the Judaick and Mahometan ſects.*

The Arabick poets preſerved in the Eſcurial, were not all natives of Spain. *Caſiri*'s title to his book tells you ſo. A certain number of them were Aſiaticks and Africans, and a few of them born even before the times of Mahomet. When Philip II made his intention known of collecting the Arabick writers in that library, many people who had Arabick manuſcripts in their poſſeſſion, failed not to pay their court to their ſovereign by preſenting the library with them. A large number was thus put together; and as the ſucceſſors of that monarch perſiſted long in the ſame ſcheme, many additions were made to the

the library of thoſe books that the *Moriſco*'s had concealed at the time of their expulſion in ſeveral parts of the kingdom, from whence they were not allowed to carry them off. In ſome Spaniſh and Latin letters of the unfortunate *Antonio Perez*, who was ſecretary to Philip II, (printed at Paris without a date,) on the reverſe of p. 93. is mentioned a *libro de mano antigua que ſe attribuye a Salomon, que eſtà en ſan Lorenzo el Real, y el Emperador Carlos truxo con otros del ſaco de Tunez*; that is, "*a book written in an old* "*hand, attributed to Solomon, which is* "*depoſited in the Eſcurial's library, and* "*was brought with ſome other by the Em-*"*peror Charles* V *from the pillaged town* "*of Tunis.*" But what contributed moſt to fill the ſhelves of the library, was an accident recorded by ſeveral Spaniſh authors, and moſt particularly by one who wrote the (*a*) HISTORIA *de la*

(*a*) *The name of this author is unknown. His hiſtory is preſerved in the King's library at Madrid. Caſuri has this*

Vida y Hechos del Rey Don Phelipe Tercero. *A* HISTORY of the Life and Actions of Philip III. His words are theſe. " *El* " *Gobernador* Pedro de Lara, *corriendo el* " *mar de Berberia, llegò junto a Salè y* " *encontrò con dos navios en que iba la re-* " *cámara del Rey* Zidan *de Marruecos; y* " *haviendo peleado con ellos, los rindiò.* " *Hallò entre otras coſas precioſas mas de* " *mil cuerpos de libros en Lengua Arabe,* " *de Medicina, Philoſophia, y buon Gobi-* " *erno, iluminados y eſcritos con gran coſta* " (*vilos antes que ſe llevaſſen al* Eſcorial;) " *y el* Zidan *tuvo eſta perdida por la mayor,* " *y ofreciò al Rey por ſu reſcate grande* " *ſuma, en cantidad de ſetenta mil ducados.* " *La reſpueſta fue entregaſſe todos los eſ-* " *clavos Chriſtianos que ſe hallaſſen en ſu* " *reyno, y con eſſos reſcatarian los libros.* " *El moro venía en ello, ſi las guerras ci-* " *viles que trahia con un* Morabito *y con* " *ſu Sobrino* Muley Xeque, *dieran lugar à*

anecdote out of that hiſtorian in his preface, which he backs with collateral authorities.

eſte

" *eſte intento. Y viendo nueſtro Catholico*
" *Rey que el* (a) *ſuyo no llegaba haſta com-*
" *plir ſu deſeo, mandò llevar la libreria al*
" *convento Real de San Lorenzo el del*
" *Eſcorial.*"

In Engliſh, thus.

" *Governor* Pedro de Lara *cruiſing on*
" *the Barbary-coaſt, ſailed near Salee, and*
" *met with two ſhips that contained the*
" *wardrobe of* Zidan *king of Morocco. He*
" *fought and took them; and found in them,*
" *among ſt other precious things, more than*
" *three thouſand Arabic books of Phyſic,*
" *Philoſophy and Politics well limned and*
" *fairly written. I ſaw them before they*
" *were taken to the Eſcurial.* Zidan *con-*
" *ſidered this loſs as very great, and offered*

(a) *For the ſake of thoſe among ſt my readers who under-ſtand Spaniſh, I muſt ſay that I have copied this anecdote exactly as it ſtands in Caſiri's Preface*; therefore *if the laſt period of it ſhould prove obſcure, the fault is not mine. I do not ſee whether the pronoun* ſuyo *relates to* intento *or to* Rey. *If to* intento, *the period proves inelegantly dark; and if to* Rey, *no grammar can be made out of it. Perhaps ſome word has been dropp'd by the Printer of Caſiri's book.*

" *to buy them back of the King for ſeventy*
" *thouſand ducats. The anſwer was that*
" *he ſhould have them back if he would ſet*
" *at liberty all the Chriſtian captives he had*
" *in his kingdom. The Moor would have*
" *agreed to the condition, had it not been*
" *for the war he was engaged in againſt a*
" Morabite, *and againſt his own couſin*
" Muley Xeque. *Our Catholick King*
" *ſeeing that his wiſh was not complied with,*
" *ordered that the library ſhould be taken to*
" *the Royal Convent of St. Laurence at the*
" *Eſcurial.*"

Dr. Caſiri, wherever he mentions in his *Bibliotheca* any of the books that went to the Eſcurial by means of that capture, takes care to diſtinguiſh them from the reſt by adding theſe words to the account of each : *Ex Regia Bibliotheca Marochana.*

But if an accident enriched the Eſcurial, another impoveriſhed it, and went near to annihilate it. In the year 1671. a caſual fire burned the upper parts of that noble edifice, and greatly injured a large

large hall that was entirely filled up with Arabick manuſcripts, of which near two thouſand periſhed in the conflagration. It is melancholy to think of the many libraries recorded in hiſtory, that have been deſtroyed by fire. For my part I am not much pleaſed with the cuſtom of forming large collections of books and depoſiting them in one place. Beſides that ſuch books become generally uſeleſs to mankind, there is the danger of ſeeing them all deſtroyed at once by a fire: and I am reſolved to bequeath my few to the ſtudious children of my friends, in hopes that many may profit by them, which could never be the caſe, were I to leave them to a ſingle perſon, or what would be worſe, to any great library. It is but ſeldom, as far as I have obſerved, that thoſe who collect books, or thoſe who inherit large numbers of them, become very learned. Few value the things of which they have abundance, and the

moſt learned men are (upon the whole) thoſe who never poſſeſſed a great library.

It is remarkable that amongſt the many poetical compoſitions of the Arabs collected in the Eſcurial, there is not one epick poem, nor any mention made by *Caſiri* of any that ever exiſted. This particularity cannot give us any very high opinion of their invention: As far as I can ſee by the many ſpecimens from *Caſiri*, the Arabs dealt in ſentiment more than in imagery; and if this was the caſe (which is moſt probable,) ſeveral of the preſent European nations, as well as the Greeks and Romans, muſt be deemed upon the whole much more poetical than the Arabs, eſpecially when we conſider, that they not only have never written any epick poem, but never had any of the dramatick kind; the one or two found in the Eſcurial ſcarcely coming under this denomination, and not being at all theatrical, as appears by what Caſiri tells of them.

Caſiri's

Caſiri's book is not eaſily to be had, though quite freſh from the preſs. Beſides that only five hundred copies of it have been printed, the King has already given away the greater part, and ſent a copy to every eminent Univerſity in Europe. That from which I made this imperfect extract, was only lent me. Had this favour not been done me, I ſhould have been forced to paſs it over in ſilence, to the great impoveriſhment of this letter.

I have little more to add with regard to the Spaniſh literature, becauſe I know but little more. The King cannot perhaps be called a violent favourer of it: Yet he has done ſomething towards its advancement. He has beſtowed ſeveral favours on *Caſiri*, and given high poſts to ſeveral men of good parts, ſuch as *Mata*, *Campomanes*, and various others, who have made themſelves known to His Majeſty by means of their writings. He has juſt bought a conſiderable piece of

ground in this neighbourhood, which is to be turned into a botanical garden under the direction of *Don Eñazio Bernades*, a phyſician, who (like *Father Sarmiento* already named) is much ſkilled in natural hiſtory, and has viſited ſeveral of the Spaniſh provinces in order to collect plants, that he may enrich the new garden with the productions of Spain, before he thinks of exoticks, as he himſelf told me.

The King has alſo given high employments in the navy to *Don Georges Juan* and *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, who aſſiſted Meſſieurs *De la Condamine* and *Bouger* in meaſuring three degrees of the meridian under the Equator. In 1749 *Juan* and *Ulloa* jointly publiſhed in this town three vols. 4to. entitled *Phyſical and Aſtronomical Obſervations*. I have not ſeen (*a*) the book, but the Britiſh Conſul General, who is a man of great parts

(*a*) *It is tranſlated into Engliſh and French. I am told that the French Tranſlation is far from faithful.*

and

and knowledge, assures me, that many of their observations in natural philosophy are new, and all very curious; and their account of the Spanish dominions in *South America* the very best that ever was published.

Amongst the learned of this town there is also *Don Thomas Lopez*, the King's geographer, who is actually compleating his set of Spanish maps, which, I am told, will prove very accurate. Nor do the Spaniards want writers on husbandry and commerce: They have several who enjoy an extensive reputation on account of their works on these two subjects; but, as I said, I have not time to look into every thing.

The King admits to his royal confidence his Lieutenant-General of the Ordinance *Count Gazzola*, an Italian nobleman, well versed in various branches of literature, a great engineer, much skilled in the polite arts, and first discoverer of the *Ruins of Poestum*, which he went in person

perſon to inſpect when he lived at Naples, and had them drawn by (*a*) *Sabatini*, and engraved by *Bartolozzi*, at his own expence.

His Majeſty is not indifferent to the advancement of the arts, and much countenances his Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, often rewarding thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves moſt in it. He has in his actual ſervice, not only many native artiſts, but alſo ſeveral foreigners, to whom he gives very liberal ſalaries. The moſt diſtinguiſhed amongſt theſe laſt, are *Mengs* and *Tiepolo* already named, both painters of great merit, and *Sabatini* the architect. *Sabatini* was pupil to the famous *Vanvitelli*, whoſe daughter he has married. He has been ordered to form a plan for the cleanſing of this town, which His

(*a*) *Count Gazzola delayed ſo long the publication of thoſe drawings, that a Scotch Architect has at laſt foreſtalled them with another ſet made by himſelf and publiſhed in England.*

Ma-

Majeſty has reſolved to beautify with new buildings, of which there are two actually begun, both very large; that is, the cuſtom-houſe and the poſt-office.

The King has erected here a china-manufactory, which is in great forwardneſs, they ſay; and grants alſo great ſums of money towards the ſupport of the ſilk and woollen manufactories at *Segovia*, *Talavera*, *Guadalaxara*, *Barcelona*, and other places. He has alſo ordered various reparations of ſeveral high roads, and begun two new ones, which will lead to this metropolis from *Bilboa* in Biſcay, and *Cadix* in Andaluſia.

Theſe and ſeveral other of the King's deſigns, ſhow him to be a good King; and he would certainly do more, had not his predeceſſor left him loaded with a heavy debt, which he is reſolved to pay off by degrees. But it will be long before his treaſury is in good order, as his mother very much exhauſted this kingdom in order to make him King of Naples

Naples when there was but little appearance of his coming to this crown.

To conclude this prolix letter, there are eight public libraries in this town, beſides a good number of private ones; from which I infer, that there are here many men of knowledge; more perhaps than foreigners are aware of, though it be almoſt a general faſhion at preſent in ſeveral parts of Europe for men to tell each other, that the Spaniards are very ignorant.

LETTER LVIII.

A rich town, and why. A long converſation with a lady. Via Crucis. Año's, Eſtrecho's, *and* Santos. *An affecting ſeparation of friends.*

Madrid, Oct. 11, 1760.

IT is not, I think, in the power of men to render this metropolis a trading town, becauſe it lies too far from the ſea, becauſe it has no navigable river near,

near, and becauſe it is ſituated in a province, that, like Eſtremadura, cannot be made very fertile for want of water.

Under theſe diſadvantages however, Madrid is a moſt opulent town, as you will eaſily conceive when you reflect, that it has been for ſeveral centuries the conſtant reſidence of powerful monarchs, and the ordinary abode of almoſt all the richeſt nobility and gentry of this kingdom. Gold and ſilver flow abundantly into Madrid, not only from the provinces around, but from the vaſt kingdoms poſſeſſed by this crown beyond the Atlantick. Sudden and conſiderable additions are alſo frequently made to its uſual wealth by viceroys, governors, and other ſervants of the ſtate, who generally come back from Mexico, Peru, and other parts, with ſuch ſtores of doubloons, as enable them to paſs the remainder of their lives in the moſt ſplendid affluence, and their poſterity to riot in luxury for ages and ages.

Of a town ſo conſtituted, that painful labour is in a manner almoſt excluded from it, it is not difficult to comprehend, that very many are the inhabitants, who have almoſt no other buſineſs but that of contriving how to ſpend their time agreeably. From ſo ſingular a ſituation, ſingular cuſtoms have neceſſarily ariſen, and becauſe the intercourſe between the ſexes is the chief mode of pleaſure amongſt mankind, many are the inventions to which this people have had recourſe, in order to facilitate that intercourſe.

The deſire that men and women have here of paſſing their time in each other's company, is ſo very eager, that it appears not unlike rage, eſpecially to him who has long lived in England, where men of all ranks ſeem aſhamed in a manner to hang too long about the fair, and where the generality deprive themſelves every day of their company during ſeveral hours, merely

merely for the ſake of talking politicks or circulating the bottle.

Many are the methods that both ſexes have contrived here, in order to ſpend as much of their time together as it is poſſible, and this letter will bring you acquainted with ſome of them.

I went this morning about ten to pay a viſit to a very agreeable lady, whom I have talked the other night at the *Tertulia* into ſome ſort of familiar friendſhip by my narrations of Engliſh cuſtoms, and accounts of my preſent journey. Don Felix, who thinks her one of the moſt reaſonable beings in Madrid, has begg'd of her to take ſome care of me during my ſtay; and both ſhe and her huſband have engaged to render it as pleaſant as it ſhall be in their power.

I found her gate quite opened, and no body to guard it. Up-ſtairs I went, knocked at the door, and a footman open'd. Is your maſter within? No, Sir: he is juſt gone out. Is your miſtreſs? Yes,

Yes, ſir. Pleaſe to go that way, pointing to an apartment on the left hand.

I did as he bid me, and croſſed three large rooms. From the laſt I heard people talk in a fourth.

Doña Paula, can I come in?

Come in, come in, cried the lady; and in I went. I found her ſitting in the midſt of her bed, leaning againſt half a dozen pillows, and in a dreſs far from inelegant. She had a ſmall table before her covered with a napkin, with a diſh of chocolate upon it, and ſome ſweet biſcuits upon a ſilver plate. Half a dozen gentlemen ſat round the bed upon ſtools, and I had the ſatisfaction to find that I was not totally amongſt ſtrangers, as I had already ſeen ſome of them at the Tertulia and at Don Felix's. She bid me place myſelf by her, rung for my chocolate, aſked the uſual civil queſtions; then the chit-chat went round, which was really mere chit-chat during an hour.

About

About eleven we were desired to withdraw in the next room, as she was going to get up. A pretty maid soon came to tell us that she waited for us at her toilet, where we attended her. A female hair-dresser was busy about her, and I am told that it is not much the fashion here to have that office performed by men, except amongst the greatest ladies, who have often Frenchmen for it. But I must not omit to say, that during the hour we were by her bed-side, some of the company went successively off, while others successively came in, entering the room with no more ceremony than if they had entered their own houses, only saying *Deo Gratias* or *Ave Maria* as they raised the door-curtain.

Her toilet was soon over, and a servant came to tell her, that mass was ready. I was going to take my leave, regulating my motions by those of the other visiters; but she bid me stay to take a ride with her after mass, and dine with

her if I was not otherwiſe engaged. I bowed, enter'd the *Capilla* with her, dipp'd my middle-finger in the holy water, touched hers with it, kneeled by her on a cuſhion, and maſs was ſaid. We were encircled by her maids and ſervants, who all had their roſaries in their hands, and appeared full as devout as their miſtreſs, all whiſpering *paters* and *aves* during the ſervice, which laſted not half an hour. The *Capilla (chapel)* is very ſmall, but very neat and prettily ornamented; and I find, that not only the greateſt nobility have here their chapels at home, but alſo the richer gentry, and every body that can afford the expence. Thoſe who do not keep a domeſtick chaplain, have a prieſt or a friar, who comes to ſay maſs every day for an alms of three or four (*a*) reals. No lady here miſſes hearing maſs every day. She would not be *du bon ton*, if ſhe did, beſides that ſhe would be conſidered as indevout, though

(*a*) *A real is about three-pence Engliſh money.*

their

their religion does not oblige them to hear it but on holy days.

After the maſs ſhe took me in her coach, and we went to take an airing out of St. Bernardin's gate.

As we went along I ſaw many wooden croſſes planted on the left ſide of the road, about fifty yards diſtant from each other, and aſked her the meaning of them.

They have been erected, ſaid ſhe, by the jeſuits, who often in the afternoon come here to make the *Via Crucis*, followed by a multitude of low people.

The *Via Crucis* conſiſts in this. Two or three jeſuits walking gravely before the people, ſtop before every croſs ſucceſſively, and all kneeling devoutly in the duſt, ſay aloud ſeven *paters* and ſeven *aves* at each, together with a *myſtery*; that is, a kind of ſhort prayer, the words of which commemorate the ſeveral falls our Saviour has had, as he was puſhed barbarouſly up Mount-Calvary by the wicked Jews with his heavy croſs upon

his ſhoulders. I think our jeſuits and other friars practiſe ſomething of this kind in various parts of Italy, with only this difference, that there they perform the *Via Crucis* in churches, whereas here they do it alſo on a public road.

But you muſt not felicitate me on my having been tête-a-tête in a coach with a handſome Spaniſh lady. One of her ſervants out of livery had got into the coach with us; and as I ſeem'd ſurpriſed at it, ſhe told me in French, that ſuch was the faſhion in Madrid, and that no *femme comme il faut* went ever alone with a gentleman; not even with her own huſband. This privileged ſervant bears here the title of *page*. The grandees' ladies have more than one; but, inſtead of riding with their miſtreſſes, they have a coach to themſelves which follows that of the miſtreſs. At Naples the great ladies have inherited this pompous practice from the Spaniards, who poſſeſſed that kingdom long. Doña Paula's page kept in a corner

of

of her coach as close as he could, that he might not obstruct our sight through the fore-glass, and never failed to cross himself as we went by every cross of the *Via Crucis*.

Having gone about two miles, we alighted and came leisurely back to the gate, followed by the coach, the page, and the servant that had rode behind. The country round us I thought very unpleasant. Scarce an habitation, or even a tree is to be seen as far as the sight can extend, which is strange in the neighbourhood of such a populous town. The whole prospect on that side looks quite barren and desart-like: but the sun shone mildly, and a breeze fanned the air in the gentlest manner; which as long as the walk lasted suspended the head-ach that has tormented me ever since I entered at the other gate, as I told you already.

It was near two when we got back to Doña Paula's, and dinner was ready; but, before we sit down to it, I must ap-

priſe you (as ſhe did me) of ſome cuſtoms quite peculiar to this nation.

I aſked her whether it was true, that the ladies in Madrid had ſo far adopted the ſyſtem of ſome Italian diſtricts, as to have *Ciciſbeo*'s under the denomination of *Cortejo*'s.

I have heard much, ſaid ſhe, of your Italian Ciciſbeo's, and, as far as I can judge, they are the ſame thing with what we call Cortejo's; that is, gentlemen who attend on ladies with ſome ſort of aſſiduity. But I muſt tell you, that we have ſo far improved upon your countrymen, as to divide our male friends into three claſſes, which we call *Año*'s, *Eſtrecho*'s, and *Santo*'s.

I well remember, ſaid I, that by theſe words I have ſometimes been puzzled, eſpecially in reading your comedies, entremeſes, and books of wit and humour; but never had an opportunity thoroughly to underſtand their various meanings.

Know then, interrupted ſhe, that on the laſt day of the year it is the general cuſtom here for many friends to meet in the evening to draw the *Año*'s. All the names of the gentlemen and ladies preſent, no matter whether married or unmarried, are written upon bits of paper, and ſeparately thrown, the gentlemen's in one hat, the ladies in another. Then the youngeſt perſon in company draws a gentleman's name with one hand, and a lady's with the other. The two perſons thus drawn are to be *Año*'s (that is, *years*) during the next twelvemonth. Thus a lady's *Año* acquires a kind of right to be oftener in her company than he would otherwiſe have been. He enters her houſe at any hour; dines with her when he pleaſes without previous invitation; pays her a regular courtſhip; and in ſhort becomes in a manner aggregated to her family.

There is no other difference, continued Doña Paula, between the *Año*'s and the

Eſtrecho's, but that the *Año*'s are choſen on the laſt day of the year, and the *Eſtrecho*'s on the twelfth night. Each *Eſtrecho*'s name is alſo drawn together with a *Copla* or *Seguedilla*, of which there are innumerable compoſed by our wits for this purpoſe and bought ready printed. Theſe kinds of Epigrams, commonly ſatyrical, excite often the mirth of the company, eſpecially when they chance to ſquare with the perſonal character of him or her, whoſe name comes out with the *Copla*. *Eſtrecho*, means *a cloſe friend*. As to the *Santo*'s, they are likewiſe the ſame thing with the *Año*'s and *Eſtrecho*'s. They are drawn on Chriſtmas-eve, but, inſtead of *Coplas* and *Seguedillas*, we draw them with the names of Saints, from which circumſtance they have their name; to the Saint that comes out with the lady's name, the gentleman drawn with her is to pay particular devotion during that year, and ſo the lady to that which is drawn with the gentleman's name.

By

By theſe means, continued Doña Paula, the ladies make ſure of conſtant viſiters, when they ſtay at home, and attendants when they go out; and as theſe drawings of names generally precede a ſupper, they always prove very chearful, eſpecially when it happens, as was my own caſe this year, that the huſband and wife are drawn together. I am actually my huſband's *Eſtrecha*, and of courſe have a right to command his attendance upon me till next Epiphany day.

I ſhould not diſlike theſe faſhions, ſaid I, was I to ſtay for years in this town, and the foreigners who reſide amongſt you, muſt certainly find it very convenient, to become thus at once the domeſtick friends of three ladies at leaſt. But do ever your huſbands and fathers take the alarm at their wives and daughters having ſo many familiar friends? And are your *Cortejo*'s generally as harmleſs as our *Ciciſbeo*'s pretend to be?

To

To anſwer you in your own language, ſaid Doña Paula, I muſt put you in mind of your proverb, that *Tutto il mondo è paeſe*, "*all countries are alike.*" We have ladies here, who might live better than they do. But this, I ſuppoſe, is not quite peculiar to us, and the dominion of vice probably extends much further than the Manzanares. The miſconduct however of wicked women, is not to be attributed to the cuſtom of having *Año*'s and *Eſtrecho*'s. She that is loſt to honour, would find means of ſatisfying her lawleſs paſſions any where. But this I will have the confidence to ſay of my townſwomen of the better ſort, that the greateſt part live as they ought, whatever notions foreigners may form of our Cortejo's, and whatever liberty they may take with us when they expatiate on the freedom of our manners. We are lively, we love to be gallanted, we could ſing and dance for ever, but the point of honour and the influence of religion are

not

not yet loſt in Madrid. I have read my ſhare of French books, and am informed of the opinions that are ſpread abroad on our account: Yet let me aſſure you, that I know the ways of my own ſex, and that the ladies of Madrid prove in general very good wives, mothers, and daughters; nor is there any place in Europe where huſbands are more gallant, fathers more affectionate, and friends more reſpectful. I might make you often an eye-witneſs of what I advance, would you but ſtay a few months with us. You would ſee and hear men and women behave and talk to each other very lovingly; but ſcarce ever find a gentleman tête-a-tête with any of us. This is no cuſtom of ours. Conſider our method of living. Not only our gates, but every door in our apartments is open from morning to night. All our friends and acquaintance come in and go out without aſking leave, and our many ſervants are allowed to enter our rooms as freely as ourſelves. You

may

may already have obſerved that this is the general ſyſtem in Madrid; ſo that, thoſe amongſt our ladies who intend to carry on an intrigue, are put to the hardeſt ſhifts, and muſt partly alter the uſual forms of Spaniſh living, which cannot eaſily be done without incurring cenſure, and without making themſelves the talk of the whole town. You will ſee to day at dinner one of my moſt intimate friends Doña Bibiana de ——, who has been during theſe many years moſt regularly viſited and attended upon by one of our moſt accompliſhed cavaliers; yet ſhe is one of our moſt reſpected women, and not a ſoul in all Madrid would dare to entertain the leaſt thought to her diſadvantage.

And are your ſingle ladies, ſaid I, viſited with the ſame familiarity by their *Āno*'s, *Eſtrecho*'s, and *Santo*'s?

Not quite ſo, anſwered the lady. But they are not kept under that great reſtraint you may have read of in books. In

general

general they paſs the morning in their apartments, to which few men are admitted beſides their maſters of writing, muſick, and dancing. But they always dine at their parents table, and converſe of courſe with our daily gueſts with as much freedom as with their brothers; and at night we take them to all *Viſitas* and *Tertulias* without any ſcruple, and let them dance and ſing their fill at home as well as at our friends houſes during the longeſt evenings; nor are we afraid to ſee them talk to any gentleman, fully perſuaded that no man would dare to addreſs them but in terms of the higheſt reſpect.

I hope now, continued Doña Paula, that you will diſmiſs your paſt notions of us, and believe that our huſbands and fathers are far from being ſuch jealous and tyrannical brutes, as they are painted in French romances; but as I ſee that you want to take the minuteſt notice of our manners and cuſtoms, I will take you to *Fuencarral* ſome day next week,

that you may ſee more and more of us; how freely we live with our friends, and happily with our huſbands.

And pray, madam, what is it that you call *Fuencarral?*

It is a village, ſhe replied, about two leagues from town, where gentlemen and ladies reſort in parties on fine afternoons, under the pretence of *Merendar*; that is, of eating a ſallad, and taſte of a muſcadel-wine, for which the territory of that village is much renowned. We often go there, attended by our Santo's, Año's, Eſtrecho's, or any other friend.

But, madam, your huſbands—

Our huſbands chuſe ſometimes to be of the party, ſometimes not. When they come, ſo much the better. However, I muſt add, that ladies never go there but ſeveral together, not ſo much for the ſake of decency, as becauſe the more the ladies, the chearfuller the party. There, while the *Merenda* is making ready, or after

after it, we commonly dance, or ſing, or walk about with the greateſt hilarity.

Such, or nearly ſuch, was the account that Doña Paula gave me during the two hours we ſpent in our ride and walk. I am ſure, that you will be ſomewhat ſurpriſed to find it ſquare ſo little with thoſe of other travellers; but that I cannot help. She has back'd her aſſertions with ſuch proofs, as ought to be quite ſatisfactory, beſides that I have no juſt ground to call her veracity in queſtion. Her natural goodneſs has perhaps made her lean on the tender ſide a little more than truth requires, and deceived her into partiality, yet her aſſertions are in my opinion ſufficiently verified.

It was two when we alighted at her gate. I was quite pleaſed with the company that was to dine with us, poſſibly becauſe they received me with the kindeſt civility. Her huſband, Doña Bibiana, her faithful friend, and two more gentlemen, ſeemed to vie in politeneſs

to

to the friend of Don Felix. The dinner was not ſumptuous, as it conſiſted but of four diſhes, beſides the ſoup and a noble deſert of fruit and ſweetmeats. We fell to it pell-mell, and not in the regular order that is conſtantly practiſed in England. It is not here much the cuſtom, it ſeems, to eat in china as they do in England, but in ſilver. Doña Paula's huſband ſeems a chearful and good-temper'd man. He felicitated me on the progreſs I have already made in the favour of his *Eſtrecha*, and hoped this would contribute to alter my reſolution of quitting Madrid in haſte. During dinner they made me launch into the manners of the Engliſh nation, and all appeared much pleaſed, eſpecially with the accounts I gave of the Engliſh ladies, which they found to agree with thoſe they have often had from Don Felix.

We did not ſit at table a whole hour, but roſe up as ſoon as the cloth was removed, and went to a balcony over the ſtreet,

ſtreet, where a diſh of coffee was drank as we looked at a proceſſion, that happened to paſs very cloſe to the walls on each ſide, to avoid the abominable filthineſs in the middle of the ſtreet.

About four we had our chit chat interrupted for a few minutes by the coming in of a middle-aged gentleman, who after the uſual bows ſat himſelf by Doña Paula with a look full of concern.

I gueſs by your countenance, ſaid ſhe with a moſt affectionate tone of voice, that we are ſoon to loſe you.

I have at laſt received the king's orders, ſaid the gentleman, and I muſt go to-morrow.

To-morrow! interrupted the lady.

To-morrow, ſaid he again; and kneeled ſuddenly by her, threw his arms round her waiſt, and ſhe her's about his head, which ſhe preſſed moſt tenderly to her boſom. Without offering to kiſs her, as I would have done upon ſuch an occaſion, he ſtarted up, embraced her huſband

with a big tear in each eye, bowed to Doña Bibiana, ſhook one of the gentlemen by the hand, beckoned to the other to follow him, and without being able to utter any other word but *a Dios, a Dios,* walked away with the greateſt ſpeed.

The telling of this ſhort and ſudden ſcene is nothing at all; but the ſeeing it performed was quite affecting. I was then told that the gentleman is a near relation to Doña Paula's huſband; that he has juſt been promoted to a high employment in the kingdom of Leon, and going to reſide there probably for ſeveral years. Indeed, theſe Spaniards have ſuch feelings, that I ſhould love them much, was I to ſtay here any while. As they were praiſing him, Don Felix came to fetch me, took me to the royal academy of painting, of which I ſhall give you ſome account tomorrow; then we went to the houſe of another of his friends, where we ſpent the evening chiefly playing at cards, as any noiſy entertainment would be thought

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indecent in the preſent great mourning at court.

LETTER LIX.

Royal Academy of Painting. A fee refuſed. The private life of a great King. Farinello *the famous ſinger. Women ſitting before a royal palace. Mules inſtead of horſes to carriages. Harmleſſneſs of the lower people.* Jubilados, Caleſſin, *and other matters.*

Madrid, Oct. 12, 1760.

IN the center of Madrid there is the *Plaza Mayor*; that is, a large ſquare, the fineſt in the town, formed by uniform houſes, the fronts of which are ſupported by lofty porticos. I need to ſay no more of it, as you will find it repeatedly deſcribed in almoſt every book of travels that mentions this metropolis, together with an account of the bull-feaſts that are often exhibited in it.

One of the houſes in this ſquare, is called *the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculp-*

ture, and Architecture. There it is, that the profeſſors and ſtudents of thoſe arts reſort, the firſt to teach, the ſecond to learn.

King Ferdinand, predeceſſor to his preſent Majeſty, and founder of this academy, ſpared no expence to furniſh the ſeveral apartments in it with caſts of the fineſt ſtatues from Italy, ſuch as the *Hercules of Farneſe*, the *Apollo of Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Gladiator*, *Antinous*, *Faun*, &c. &c. and the walls of it are abundantly decorated with pictures and drawings, as is uſual in ſuch places.

What his predeceſſor began, this King endeavours to encreaſe with conſiderable munificence. I am told that he ſpends very liberally to ſupport it, having always looked upon thoſe arts with a favourable eye, witneſs what he did towards unburying *Herculaneum* when he was at Naples. Beſides paying the uſual indiſpenſable expences of the Academy, ſuch as living models, lights, attendants, &c.

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his Majeſty pays alſo for the maintenance of ſome young men ſent to Rome every year to ſtudy thoſe arts. Thoſe amongſt them who can there carry off a premium from the *Academy of St. Luke*, are generally penſioned for life on their return home, and thoſe of their works which obtained them this advantage, are hung up in the academy with a ſhort inſcription that records the atchievement.

Beſides the caſts, pictures, and drawings, the Academy is poſſeſſed of a choice library, chiefly containing ſuch books as are conducive to the acquiſition of thoſe arts; ſo that every body, who has a mind to addict himſelf to the cultivation of them, is furniſhed there with ſufficient means, the ſtudents being found even in pencils and paper to draw at the King's expence.

To what ſum the defraying of all this amounts, I could not learn from the academy-keeper, a kind of gentleman who refuſed a fee I tender'd, for his waiting

on me during the hour that my visit lasted, showing and explaining every thing to me with much precision. *No Señor*, said he, withdrawing his hand hastily, *en España no se usa el estilo de Italia.* "*We do* "*not in Spain as you do in Italy.*" The compliment was far from flattering: yet I like better the Italian than the Spanish custom in this particular, and would rather have such people directed to take any fee that is offered, as by means of a fee I am at liberty to see a show at leisure, whereas when I know that no fee is to be accepted, I am loath to give too much trouble to a man, who, conscious on his side that nothing is to be got by his attendance on me, may chuse to be out of the way when I want to see the thing, or spare himself the trouble of minute explanations, or grow peevish at my taking too much of his time.

This day I have seen the King; and I must say that a prominent nose, a piercing eye, and a serene countenance, make

him

him look much better than his coin repreſents him. I have ſeen ſeveral portraits of him, even one by his favourite *Mengs:* but neither *Mengs*, nor any other painter, had given me a true idea of his face, which is pleaſing, though made up of irregular features.

As to his perſon, it is of a good ſize, and his walk quite *Bourbonian;* that is, erect and ſteady. He appears to be robuſt, and I am told that he has a great deal of bodily ſtrength. His complexion is quite ſun-burnt, which is undoubtedly the conſequence of his paſſion for the chace. In this reſpect he is a true Meleager. No degree of heat or cold can keep him from this exerciſe. You may poſſibly think it worth the while to read an account of the life he leads; and here it is, as I had it from people who have been daily witneſſes of it for many years.

Every day in the year he gets up about ſix, and exactly at ſeven comes out of his bed-room in his night-gown. He

finds waiting in the anti-chamber a *Gentilhombre de Cámara*, a *Mayordomo de Semána*, a phyſician, a ſurgeon, and ſeveral other regular attendants, with whom he interchanges words while dreſſing. The *Gentilhombre*, kneeling on one knee, preſents a diſh of chocolate, which the King drinks almoſt cold. He then diſmiſſes ſome of them with a nod, enters his private chapel, and hears a maſs: then retires to a cloſet, to which no body is ever admitted, and there reads or writes, eſpecially on thoſe days that he does not intend to go a-hunting in the morning.

About eleven he comes out of the cloſet to meet the whole royal family. They all kiſs his hand, or offer to do it, lowering a knee. He embraces them all, kiſſing the princes at the cheek, and the princeſſes on the forehead.

The royal family withdraw after a little chit-chat, and he gives a momentary audience to his confeſſor: Then ſpeaks to thoſe miniſters of ſtate, who have any

buſineſs

buſineſs to communicate, or paper to ſign. Then the family ambaſſadors come in; that is, the French and the Neapolitan. With them the King interchanges words for a quarter of an hour; ſeldom more. Juſt againſt the time that he is going to dine, the other ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters come in. Exactly at twelve he ſits down to table, quite alone now that his queen is dead. The ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters, his own miniſters of ſtate, the great officers of his army, and ſeveral other great perſonages, pay their court while he falls to eating, and all thoſe whom the guards have permitted to get in, croud round the table to ſee him dine. The cardinal-patriarch of the Indies ſays grace, not as cardinal or patriarch, but as his chief chaplain.

The ceremony of the table is this. The *Mayordomo Mayor* ſtands on the King's right hand, and a captain of his body-guards on his left. One of the weekly *Mayordomo*'s, two *Gentilhombres*

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de Cámara, and a croud of pages and ſervants attend promiſcuouſly. One of the two *Gentilhombres* carves, the other gives him drink. The diſhes, all covered, are brought in one by one in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion by pages, and each diſh is put into the hands of the carving *Gentilhombre,* who takes it with one hand, uncovers it with the other, and preſents it to the King. The King gives a nod of approbation or diſapprobation at every diſh. Thoſe that are approved, the *Gentilhombre* places upon the table: the reſt are carried back. Many however are the diſhes approved, which ſtill are not touched, as the King eats only of the plaineſt, and always with a good appetite.

The *Gentilhombre* who gives him drink, pours firſt a few drops of wine and water in a ſilver-ſalver that has a beak, and drinks that himſelf; then kneels on one knee, and pours of both to the King,

firſt

firſt the water, then the wine, which is always Burgundy.

When the King has drank his firſt glaſs the ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters, who ſtood the while and all in a row on the King's right hand, make their bows, and go to pay their reſpects to the reſt of the royal family, that are all at their dinners, each in his or her own apartment, the prince of Aſturias alone, Don Luis alone, the Infanta alone, and the two younger Infantes together. All theſe tables are ſumptuous: yet none ſo much as that of the queen-mother, of whom I ſhall ſpeak a word by and by.

Near a hundred diſhes are generally ſerved to the King, of which about forty are laid upon the table. When they are removed, an ample deſert ſucceeds: but he ſeldom taſtes of it, except ſometimes a little bit of cheeſe and ſome fruit. The laſt thing that is preſented is a glaſs of canary-wine with a ſweet biſcuit. He breaks the biſcuit in two, ſteeps it in the wine,

wine, and eats it, but never drinks the wine.

A moment before he riſes from table, which laſts near an hour, the ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters return, paſs before him, and go into an adjoining room, where they wait for his coming. With them he converſes about half an hour upon indifferent matters.

He then re-enters his private apartment to put on his hunting-dreſs; that is, a grey frock of coarſe cloth, made at *Segovia* on purpoſe for him, and a leather waiſtcoat. The leather breeches he always puts on when he gets from bed, eſpecially on thoſe days that he intends to go a-hunting. Light boots, a hat flapp'd before, and ſtrong leather gloves compleat this dreſs. While the boots are putting on, the *Sommelier de Corps* (Duke of *Loſada)* gives him a diſh of coffee. Between one and two he ſteps into his coach drawn by ſix or eight mules, and away with his brother Don Luis,

Luis, the mules galloping *ventre à terre*. Half a dozen of his body-guards precede the coach on horſe-back, and three foot-men ride behind it.

No bad weather, as I ſaid, is ever an obſtacle to his going out on hunting-days, not even a ſtorm of hail accompanied by thunder and lightning. Don Luis, who is his conſtant attendant in the coach, is the only perſon allowed to fire at the game on theſe daily huntings. But on ſolemn huntings, ſome of the grandees who wait on him at the chace, are granted the ſame privilege. However of late the ſolemn huntings are become rare, becauſe the expence of them was found too great.

A little after ſun-ſet he generally comes back, carrying as much of the feather-game in his hands as he can hold. As to the quadrupeds he has killed, ſuch as ſtags, deer, wild-boars, wolves, foxes, &c. they are brought to the palace in carts. He ſurveys the whole, orders it

to

to be weighed in his preſence, and rejoices when there is much, moſt particularly when he has killed a wolf or two. It is but ſeldom that he takes the prince of Aſturias to hunt with him.

When the game is weighed and ordered to the kitchen, he goes to pay a ſhort viſit to the queen-mother; then gives a private audience to that miniſter, whoſe day it happens to be, as each of them has his fixed day of private audience. The miniſter brings his papers in a bag, and offers to his inſpection thoſe that are to the purpoſe of his errand. If the miniſter's buſineſs leaves him any time, he plays at *Reverſino* (a game at cards ſo called) with three of his courtiers, generally the Duke de Loſada *Sommeliers de Corps*, Duke d'Arcos *Capitan de la Compania Eſpanola*, and another grandee whoſe name I have forgotten. He never plays for any thing, having recourſe to this expedient merely to conſume a quarter of an hour, or half an hour that he muſt wait for his

ſupper.

ſupper. At nine he ſits down to it, attended only by his courtiers: then goes to bed, to get up again next day to the ſame round of occupations, and with the ſame ſcrupulous nicety of method in the diſtribution of them, ſeldom or never to be altered, except on poſt-days, when, inſtead of going to hunt, he paſſes ſome more time, both morning and afternoon, in the private cloſet, writing to his ſon at Naples, to his brother at Parma, to his ſiſters in Turin and Liſbon, and very often likewiſe to Marquis *Tanucci* and to the Prince of Santo *Nicandro*, the firſt of whom he has made chief miniſter, and the ſecond *Ayo*, or governour, to his Sicilian Majeſty.

If on poſt-days he has any time left, it is employed in his laboratory; that is, in the completeſt turner's-ſhop that ever exiſted. He is a moſt expert turner, and works toys to perfection. The ſhop contains many turning-engines of rare invention, ſome of which were preſents from

from the King of France, and ſome contrived by Count *Gazzola* already mentioned, one of the greateſt mechaniſts of the age. By him his Majeſty is attended when working in the laboratory.

As to his perſonal character, he was certainly a good huſband when his queen was alive. Never once did he ſwerve from conjugal fidelity, nor ever had any miſtreſs public or private. His brothers were always his beſt friends and moſt familiar companions; and as to his children, there is no need of ſaying that he always proved a kind father. He is rather an eaſy, than an affectionate maſter, never deſcending to great familiarity with his ſervants, yet always ſatisfy'd with what they do. They ſay that he never betrayed any great love to any body out of his own family, no more than hatred. It happened once, that he detected one of his moſt familiar domeſtics in a lye, and forbad him his preſence, but ſtill continued him his ſalary. His converſa-

tion is generally chearful, but always as chaſte as his conduct. He repoſes much confidence in his chief miniſters, eſpecially Marquis *Squillace*, who has found the means of prepoſſeſſing him in favour of his own abilities; yet neither *Squillace*, nor any body elſe, was ever a favourite, when by a favourite we mean a man admitted by a ſovereign to the cloſeſt intimacy of friendſhip. No body ever reached ſo high with him, though he treats ſome with particular kindneſs, eſpecially the Duke of *Loſada*, who in virtue of his employment ſleeps conſtantly in the ſame room with him. This Duke of *Loſada* has long obtained the reputation of being the honeſteſt man in Spain, which is probably what has endeared him to the King. As to *Squillace*, he is a moſt indefatigable man, and they ſay that he alone diſpatches more buſineſs, than all the other miniſters put together, ſcarcely allowing himſelf time to eat or to ſleep. But they charge him with in-

ſufferable haughtineſs and inſatiable avarice; two qualities not eaſily pardoned, eſpecially when they meet in a foreigner, as it is the caſe with *Squillace*, who is a Sicilian. But it is not my intention to give you the characters of any body here, only tell you what I hear people frequently repeat with regard to this and that great man at court. It is natural that *Squillace* ſhould be envied, having reached the higheſt poſt, though a ſtranger; and the language of envy is not to be blindly credited.

The King uſes every body with a ſort of condeſcenſion that may be called civility, which impreſſes his ſervants with a ſtrong ſenſe of real reſpect, independent of his kingſhip, as the rigidity of his morals gives them no room for the leaſt contempt. His method of ſpending time, ſo unalterably regular, may appear ſomewhat dull: but is certainly laudable, as it is quite neceſſary that a King ſhould have his miniſters and ſervants

vants exactly appriſed of the hours, and even the minutes, that they are to approach him for the diſpatch of buſineſs in their reſpective ſtations and employments.

Every body here agrees, that his majeſty is far from wanting knowledge of men or things. He has read much, and never paſſes a day without looking into a book. Beſides his native tongue, he ſpeaks Italian and French with the greateſt fluency and propriety, nor is he ignorant of the Latin. They ſay, that he knows his own as well as other princes intereſt full as well as any of his miniſters, and does not ſpare any expence to be early informed of whatever paſſes in Europe and out of Europe that may affect him any way.

Since he came to this throne, he never would ſuffer any Italian opera to be performed either at Madrid or Aranjuéz, as was practiſed in the former reign. The days of Queen Barbara are over, when

lions were ſquandered upon Italian muſicians. I have already mentioned the great aſcendant *Farinelli* had obtained over that Queen; nor was her huſband Ferdinand leſs fond of him than herſelf. Yet our modern Orpheus behaved with ſo conſtant a humility and moderation during the long time he was their favourite, and got ſo many real friends amongſt the natives by his diſintereſtedneſs and ſimplicity, that ſome of the grandees ſpoke in his behalf to the King on his arrival from Naples, and were ſo generous as to recommend him to his favour as a truly honeſt man, who had never abuſed the confidence of their former maſters, but conſtantly employed his credit to do all the good that was in his power to do. All this is very well, ſaid the King; yet *los capones ſon buenos ſobre la meſa*, "*capons are only good to eat*," and would not hear of his continuing in Spain, but ordered him two thouſand doubloons penſion and ſent him back to his

his country, diſmiſſing at the ſame time all the opera-ſingers, as their ſalaries amounted to too high a ſum in his opinion. This piece of economy won him the hearts of his new ſubjects, who had long grumbled at the prodigality of their former ſovereigns in this reſpect; and it was long before they gave over their acclamations whenever the King appeared in public. To ſome body, who after the departure of *Farinelli* aſked him if he ever intended to order an opera for the diverſion of the Queen who loved muſick, he ſternly replied *ni agora, ni nunca*, "*neither now, nor ever.*" You may well think that after ſo laconic an anſwer, no body ever dared to mention Italian operas any more.

Beſides retrenching this abſurd article of expence, he leſſened alſo that of his ſtables, in which on his arrival, he had found no leſs than four hundred compleat ſets of coach-mules, and a much larger number of ſaddle-horſes than was

neceſſary. Both horſes and mules he quickly reduced below the half, to the great mortification of the underlings at court, who by the indulgence of his predeceſſor had long been accuſtomed to parade about in the King's vehicles, though not entitled to it by the mediocrity of their ranks in the King's ſervice.

By theſe and other like regulations his majeſty ſoon enabled his exchequer to pay off a part of the vaſt debts with which he found it encumbered. Thoſe debts are ſtill very conſiderable; yet, if the peace continues, there are probable hopes that they will be totally diſcharged in about twenty years.

As to her late majeſty, they ſay that ſhe was a good woman in the very beſt ſenſe of the word. Fond of her huſband, of her children, of her ſervants, of every body that ſhe thought good. Yet ſhe was quick, and her quickneſs would ſometimes make her reprimand people

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who did not deſerve it: but coming preſently to herſelf, and fearing to have done wrong, ſhe would enquire better, which conduct generally forced her to make reparation to thoſe ſhe had offended, and bewail that *ſhe had much more of the impatience than of the virtue of her dear mother*. Repeated declarations of this nature, and the natural warmth of her heart, had endeared her to all that approached her.

With regard to the Queen-mother, the famous diſciple to ſtern *Alberoni*, blindneſs and age have long quenched her high ſpirits, and totally diſabled her from taking any part in the politics of her ſon. Her preſent way of living is quite unmethodical, never doing any thing at any ſtated hour. She will ſometimes dine at noon, ſometimes in the evening, ſometimes at midnight, often making day of night, or night of day, contrary to what ſhe uſed to do in the lifetime of her huſband Philip V, whom

ſhe would often upbraid for keeping irregular hours. I told you already that her table is more ſumptuous than the King's; yet it is but ſeldom that ſhe touches any of the many dainties ſerved up to her, living almoſt upon nothing but a large cup of chocolate that ſhe drinks as ſoon as ſhe gets from bed. The King viſits her once a day, puts up with all her fancies, ſmiles at her unſettled way of living, and treats her with the profoundeſt reſpect.

On every gala-day, his majeſty puts on a new ſuit, and as rich as art can make it: but all his fine cloaths are conſtantly made after the faſhion that was uſed in his younger years, and he always appears impatient to undreſs, being never eaſy, until he reſumes his grey frock and leather waiſtcoat. He was always an enemy to all ſort of innovation, and ſo ſteady in uniformity, that he wore for above twenty years a ſilver-watch. His Queen inſiſted often upon his changing it

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for a better, but to no purpoſe. Yet, to get rid of her importunity, and inceſſant jokes, reſolved at laſt to have a gold-caſe to it, which he made himſelf on the tour.

When he reſolved to give the kingdom of Naples to his ſon, every body expected that he would ſend to Spain all the antique monuments that had been dug out of Herculaneum. But little did they know him that formed ſuch conjectures, as on the ſame day that he crowned that ſon, he went to the place where thoſe monuments were depoſited, and there left a ring he had worn many years, which had been found in thoſe ruins, ſaying, that he had now no right to any thing that belonged to another monarch.

The palace of *Buen Retiro* was formerly but a mean habitation for ſuch kings as thoſe of Spain, if we credit old accounts. But the late king embelliſhed its apartments very much, and his preſent majeſty has alſo laid out ſuch ſums about

about them, that they are now very grand and convenient. I went by it this afternoon, and ſaw no leſs than two hundred women ſitting in rows before it upon the bare ground. I aſked the meaning of ſuch an extraordinary aſſembly, and was anſwered, that they came there upon no other errand but to enjoy the fine weather, and look at the courtiers going and coming. They do ſo on every fine day, holy-days eſpecially. They all ſat with their *mantillas* turned up; that is, with uncovered faces, which renders the ſight agreeable enough. You will eaſily gueſs that thoſe women are not of the higheſt rank; yet I am told that they are not of the laſt neither. An odd ſort of diverſion, thought I, to ſit in rows on the bare ground for ſeveral hours!

There are neither hackney-chairs, nor hackney-coaches in Madrid. A foreigner cannot therefore ride occaſionally about town, as both foreigners and natives do in London and Paris. He who keeps no coach

coach of his own, muſt either walk or hire a chariot, which is commonly to be had for thirty reals a day. All voitures are here drawn by mules, and the coachmen might as well be called poſtillions, as they ride on the mule inſtead of ſitting on the coach-box: a good practice in my opinion, as by ſo doing, they obſtruct leſs the ſight through the foreglaſs.

This cuſtom of having mules inſtead of horſes to wheel-carriages, is here univerſal, becauſe horſes cannot long reſiſt this hot ſun in ſummer, nor the cold blaſts in winter, which I am told is very rigid in this town when the ſnow covers the hills on the ſide of the Eſcurial. Some foreign ambaſſadors who refuſed to ſubmit to this cuſtom, and would have horſes to their coaches, have had reaſon to repent their love of ſingularity, as no pair of horſes could laſt them a whole year, whether they made uſe of Spaniſh or foreign horſes. No body is allowed

to ride about town with more than four mules to his vehicle. The king only has ſix, and ſometimes eight; but he is ſeldom ſeen about town. Out of Madrid the great people ride with ſix, but few are permitted to enter the town gates with them. Only the great officers of the crown and the foreign miniſters (if I am not miſtaken) have this privilege; but then they muſt have their poſtillions in travelling dreſſes, and go ſtraight home from the gate at which they enter.

There are very few beggars here, and thoſe few do not walk much about, but generally keep by the gates of the moſt frequented houſes, where they do not much importune the comers and goers with eager ſupplications, extending only their hands with a craving look. If you give any thing, ſo much the better: if not, there is an end, as few of them ever open their lips.

The beſt gentry here are very kind to ſtrangers when once introduced to them,

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if you will allow me to judge by what I experience myſelf: nor do the common people here give us bad language or angry looks, as it is often the caſe in England, where the lower claſſes are continually deceived into an averſion to foreigners by a daily uninterrupted ſucceſſion of diſhoneſt and malignant ſcribblers. As to the Spaniſh grandees, they are ſeldom acquainted either with foreigners or natives that are not of their own rank. A foreign ambaſſador was telling me yeſterday, that he has not had a dinner in the ſpace of four years reſidence, but from thoſe grandees who are actually in the miniſtry, nor ever had any to dine with him. One muſt conclude by this that it is not the cuſtom amongſt the great, to keep open houſes here as they do in almoſt all the capital towns in Europe. Yet ſome of theſe grandees are very rich, nor can they be taxed with avarice, as moſt of them live with the greateſt ſplendor: but the mode of their ſpending is

different from that of other countries, and generally conſiſts in keeping a great court within doors, that conſiſts of many chaplains, ſecretaries, pages, and a large number of livery-ſervants, together with a conſiderable number of mules in their ſtables. Then very few are the grandees or rich people in Madrid, who ever diſmiſs a ſervant that has been a while in their families; but when he is diſabled by age or ſickneſs, he is a *jubilado*, as they call it; and enjoys his ſalary as long as he lives, without any further care. There are ſome noblemen here, who, as I am told, have above a hundred ſuch uſeleſs domeſtics between town and country; and you muſt own that there is no leſs humanity than grandeur in this ſort of Spaniſh generoſity, which extends even to the middling claſſes. Our great nobility at Rome, Naples, Genoa, and Milan, continued in the ſame practice ſo late as the beginning of this century; but have been theſe ſeveral years leaving it off;

off; not much to their honour in my opinion.

If a native or ſtranger wants occaſionally to go a few leagues from town, he may hire a *caleſſin*; that is, an open chaiſe drawn by a ſingle horſe. The driver runs a foot by the ſide of the caleſſin, or rides behind when tired with running; but never ceaſes to hoot and ſtrike the poor jade with his long whip to make it trot. I ſaw ſeveral of them this morning early, as I went on mule-back to ſee the *Pardo*; that is, one of the king's country houſes about ſix miles diſtant from town, which my beaſt paced ſtoutly in leſs than an hour.

At the *Pardo* the king reſides during two months in the year, merely for the ſake of hunting in the neighbourhood; and his palace there is neither beautiful nor large, conſidering the owner; yet large enough to lodge both him and his whole family, who all have diſtinct apartments in it, none of which are richly

richly furniſhed, but all very neat. To the main body of the palace there are additional buildings, where the great officers and miniſters of ſtate have apartments when the court is there, together with ſtabling enough for about eight hundred horſes, and a thouſand mules. The main edifice was erected by the emperor Charles V, who delighted to retire there from buſineſs; and his ſucceſſors have always been adding ſomething to it, in order to render it more and more convenient. When the (*a*) king is there, the place muſt look crouded, as ſeveral thouſands of people conſtantly follow the court, and many are the great that come every morning from Madrid to ſhow themſelves to the king and royal

(*a*) *Mr. Clark, ſpeaking of the* Pardo, *ſays dryly, that it is "but an indifferent ſeat for an Engliſh country-gentleman." I have ſeen many ſeats of Engliſh country-gentlemen too, but few as yet of thoſe that could eaſily contain ſuch a family as that of the King of Spain, with his miniſters, guards, mules, horſes, &c. &c.*

family

family. The ſituation of the *Pardo* is very romantick, having an eaſy hill on one ſide and an extenſive foreſt all round. The trees in the foreſt are chiefly green-oaks, and their ſweet acorns afford plenty of food to the innumerable animals that live in it. When the King is there, the greateſt part of the ruſtics in the neighbouring villages get up before day at the ringing of their church-bells, and men, women, and children run about the country hooting and beating the buſhes, in order to fright the game towards the *Pardo*, that the king may meet with abundance of it. His Majeſty is a moſt aſtoniſhing markſman, and of his juſtneſs in ſhooting they tell here ſeveral ſtories that appear improbable, ſuch as hitting with a ſingle ball the ſmalleſt and moſt fluttering birds while flying. Such ſtories the French will likewiſe tell of their King. An army of ſuch markſmen as either of the two monarchs, was it poſſible to bring one together, would ſoon conquer the world.

Riding about the foreſt of the *Pardo*, my mule almoſt trampled upon hares, rabbits, and partridges at every ſtep: and I ſaw many a herd of red and fallow deer. Every perſon that beats the buſhes round the foreſt, is regularly paid two reals a day; and this I ſuppoſe to be the chief means that the peaſantry have there to live upon, as the country is otherwiſe very barren. I ran my mule ſo far as a village called *Sant' Aguſtin*, and back to Madrid through another called *Alcovendas*. I am ſure we have no ſuch wretched places in Piedmont. In *Alcovendas* eſpecially, there is not a houſe that deſerves the name. I muſt call it a cluſter of cottages, formed by walls of mud and moſt unſkilfully thatched. Few of them have more than one room on the ground-floor, though ſeveral are inhabited by pretty numerous families. The fire-place they generally have in the midſt of the room, and there is a hole at top to give way to the ſmoak. You may eaſily imagine that

their houſe-furniture is all of a piece with their houſes. A few earthen-plates and earthen-pots, with two or three ſtraw-bags. The hogs and the hens go in and out at will, and ſeem to live in the greateſt intimacy with their owners.

My tour took up about five hours; yet I returned to town againſt dinner time, as it would not have been an eaſy matter to procure a dinner either at *Sant' Aguſtin* or *Alcovendas*. It was my intention on my arrival in Madrid, to go likewiſe to *Sant' Idelfonſo* and the *Eſcurial*; and I am ſure that each place would furniſh matter enough for a long letter. But I have conſidered that if I go there, I muſt come back to Madrid another time, in order to adjuſt my departure: and to tell you the truth, I am quite ſick of Madrid, as my head-ach is become intolerable. The people are civil, the people are cordial, the people I ſhould like to live with a much longer time; but the horribleneſs of their ſtreets hur-

ries me away. I have therefore reſolved to quit Madrid after to-morrow, never to return, except I hear that the King has rendered it clean, as they ſay that he is going to do.

The new great road from Madrid to the *Pardo*, has been partly cut through the foreſt not long ago. But ſo fond is the King of large trees, that he would not ſuffer thoſe to be felled which ſtood in the way. The road of courſe is far from being ſtraight, having been made zig-zag in ſeveral places for the ſake of this and that tree. About a league from town there is a venerable oak that ſtands exactly in the middle of the road, which the workmen were obliged to run on each ſide of it. The King never fails to look at the oak with complacence whenever he goes by, often mentions his having ſaved *his life* (the oak's life), and calls it his own tree. You will allow that this is good-nature.

LETTER LX.

Blind men ſinging and playing. The Majo's *dreſs. Carnival diverſions. A deſcription of the new Amphitheatre. Three hundred couples dancing at a time. Strange effect of the* Fandango. *Phraſes of addreſs.* Guardias de Corps. Guardias Alabarderos. *Garriſon of Madrid. Tables of the poor. Tables of the rich. Fiſh from Valencia. Wood for fuel and charcoal. Premature marriages, and why. Burials. Pictures exhibited by preachers. Gripes and bad teeth.*

Madrid, Oct. 13, 1760.

THE death of the Queen has not only filled this town with numberleſs funeral ſonnets in print, but her praiſes are ecchoed through theſe ſtreets by ſeveral bands of blind beggars in *Coplas* and *Seguedillas*. To night, as I retired to the *Locanda* much earlier than uſual, to make ready for my departure

to-morrow, I had one of thoſe bands called up that ſtood chaunting under my windows. It conſiſted of three men and a boy, who had not one eye between them all. Two of them played on the guittar, one upon the violin, and one upon the violoncello. Had they been out of ſight, I ſhould not have gueſſed that they were blind on hearing them perform, but thought that they had a piece of muſick before them, ſuch was their maſtery in playing. They ſat down in the great hall, and after a ſymphony very well executed, they ſung alternately various ſtanzas of various meaſures, ſome premeditated and ſome extempore. I made them begin with the Queen; and of her they ſaid the moſt extraordinary things. Beſides her poſſeſſing every moral and chriſtian virtue, ſhe was a *blanca roſa, (a white roſe) a palido álheli, (a pale gilly-flower) a running ſtream, a fleet courſer, a ſhining ſtar*, and at laſt

La

La mas reſplandeciente
Dioſa en el cielo,
the brighteſt goddeſs in heaven.

What a jumble of images! yet do not call me idle when you ſee me endeavour to paint little folks, and deſcribe little things. We muſt hunt after the ideas and manners of the vulgar of every country, to form a juſt eſtimate of the nation that inhabits it; beſides that whatever little knowledge I have of human nature, is chiefly due to the diligence with which I have long examined the lower claſſes, who to be ſure have a cunning of their own, by which they endeavour to eſcape obſervation as well as their betters, but a groſs ſort of cunning that is eaſily detected. Could I ſtay here a while, I would take particular pains to make myſelf acquainted with all the characteriſtics that run through the meaner ranks of this people, and moſt eſpecially with one called the *Majo* (pronounce *mako* with a ſtrong aſpiration on the *k*) which, as far

as I can conceive, is a ſort of low perſonage between the *poiſſard* of Paris and the *city ſpark* of London. To explain my meaning better, the Madrid *Majo* is a low fellow who dreſſes ſprucely, affects the walk of a gentleman, looks blunt and menacing, and endeavours after dry wit upon every occaſion. Theſe qualities run through both the ſexes, and the *Majo* as well as the *Maja* can ſwear *por vida de Dios* at every word. You ſay, for inſtance, that this is a fine day, and the Majo confirms the obſervation that *por vida de Dios* the day is very fine.

Many amongſt our lower vulgar, ſays *Doña Paula*, are *Majos* and *Majas*, and in our Carnival Maſquerades their dreſs is one of thoſe which the generality of us chuſe to aſſume as well as the character. That dreſs conſiſts in the man, of a tight waiſtcoat, tight breeches, white ſtockings, white ſhoes tied with a ribband inſtead of a buckle, the hair in a net of various colours, and a *montéra* over, inſtead

of

of a hat. The *montéra* is a cap of black velvet, and of a particular cut, which fits the head exactly, and covers the ears. The *Maja*'s habiliment is a tight jacket, so open before as to form two hanging flaps under the breast, something in the form of wings, with sleeves close to the fist, a short petticoat of any colour, a black apron, a striped handkerchief carefully covering the whole neck, with the net and the *montéra* exactly such as the man. The seams of both dresses are not sowed, but kept together by interlacing ribbands. This is *à peu prés* the vestment of our *Majos* and *Majas* on holy days, and I assure you that a young well-made person looks very smart in such a dress.

And so, said I, you have masquerades in carnival-time? Pray, dear lady, tell me something of them. Do you run about the streets with your visors on, like so many madmen, as we do almost all over Italy during that time?

Our

Our common people does it, anſwered the lady: but the beſt ſort do not. They only go in vehicles to viſit each other, and endeavour to contrive their diſguiſe in ſuch a manner, that their moſt intimate acquaintance may be puzzled a while to find them out, which ſometimes cauſes merry ſuſpenſes and miſtakes. Many of us give maſked balls during that time, and to them every perſon is admitted that is genteely maſked. With regard to our maſquerade-dreſſes, every body follows his own fancy. Beſides the *Majo*'s, many wear *Dóminos*, and many more delight in the various habiliments uſed in various parts of Spain, which cuſtom at crouded balls never fails to exhibit great variety. Thus we have *el Catalan*, *el Galliego*, *el Valencian*, and the *antiguo Eſpañol*; that is, the *Catalonian*, *Galician*, and *Valencian* dreſſes with the *Ancient Spaniſh*. Then the *Serrano* and the *Culipardo*; that is, the dreſſes uſed in the mountains of *Old Caſtile*

Caſtile and *Andaluſia*. Theſe wear ſeveral holy *relicks* and *wax agnusdeis*, hanging about their necks, encloſed in ſmall ſilver-boxes.

But to give you the ſeveral forms and characteriſticks of our carnival-veſtments, is beyond my powers of deſcription, as it is ſcarcely poſſible to paint them by means of words. It is enough to tell you, that we endeavour on ſuch occaſions to ſurpaſs each other in fancifulneſs and elegance, but not in richneſs, as it is prohibited to wear gold, ſilver, and jewels about us in a maſquerade dreſs.

To the carnival-balls, continued the lady, and on our frolickſome viſits, we generally go in *Parejas*; that is, *chacun avec ſa chacune*, both dreſſed in the ſame character, the *Majo* with the *Maja*, the *Serrano* with the *Serrana*, and ſo forth. But in the act of dancing almoſt every body takes off his viſor, as it is deemed a ſlight on the company to keep it on.

N. B.

N. B. *To ſpare the reader the trouble of too prolix a note, I think proper to add here, that, ſince the date of this letter, the carnival-cuſtoms have undergone ſome change at Madrid, as the King has built there a very grand hall, called* el Amphitheatro, *where thouſands reſort twice a week during the carnival-time. Any body maſked is admitted there for only twenty reals* (not quite five ſhillings) *and paſſes there the whole night with as much pleaſure as ſuch a place can afford. There the dancing-place is ſpacious enough for three hundred couples to dance at a time, and there are ſeats round it, amphitheatrically diſpoſed, with three large galleries over, which admit five or ſix thouſand people more. The hall has four ſpacious ſtair-caſes at the four corners, that lead up to the galleries, and to ſeveral large rooms, where people may have hot and cold ſuppers at choice, coffee, chocolate, lemonades, and other refreſhments, every thing near as cheap as at home. A conſiderable number of*

waiters

waiters attend, all uniformly dreſſed in pompadour-colour. Beſides theſe conveniencies, there are two large rooms with four beds in each, one for the men, the other for the women, who ſhould happen to be taken ſuddenly ill; and there are phyſicians and ſurgeons regularly attending, as well as four dancing-maſters to direct the country dances, and teach their various motions and evolutions to thoſe who do not know them well. Nor muſt I omit to mention two ſmall rooms with inſcriptions over their doors, one Jaula por los páxaros, *the other* Jaula por las páxaras; *that is,* a cage for the cock-birds, a cage for the hen-birds; *in plain language,* a jail for the men *and* a jail for the women. *Should any body raiſe any diſturbance, or behave with any indecency there, he would be ſhut up for the night by the guards attending at the entrance-door.*

I have ſeen above ſix hundred people dance at once the Fandango in that amphitheatre; and it is not poſſible to give an idea of ſuch a rap-

rapturous diverſion. The enthuſiaſm that ſeizes the Spaniards the moment that the Fandango is touched, is a thing not to be conceived. I ſaw hundreds of them at ſupper, quit inſtantly the tables, tumble precipitouſly down the ſtair-caſes, throng promiſcuouſly into the dancing place, face about for a partner that was found in an inſtant, and fall a dancing both men and women with ſuch a vigour as to beggar all deſcription. Was the place ample enough, there is not one of them that would remain a ſimple ſpectator, as many are forced to be. Thoſe who are forced to it, ſtand gazing from the ſeats below or the galleries above, with ſparkling eyes and limbs trembling, and encourage the dancers with clamour and clapping of hands. There is a ſmall printed book, intitled BAYLE de maſcaras, &c. *printed at Madrid in* 1763, *that ſets forth the laws to be obſerved at the amphitheatre. Should any body contravene any of thoſe laws, he would inſtantly be thruſt into one of the* Jaulas. *The band there, conſiſts of forty*

inſtruments, that play alternately twenty at a time, ſo that the dancing is never ſtopp'd as long as the night laſts; that is, from nine o'clock at night till ſix in the morning.

The facility that this place affords for diverſion to the inhabitants of Madrid, has nearly annihilated their private aſſemblies and domeſtick balls, which prove inſipid in compariſon of the great ball and aſſembly at the Amphitheatre. The profits that ariſe there from the ſuppers and rinfreſcos, are ſufficient to defray the nightly expences of the place; therefore all the money which is received at the door, (about a crown each perſon, as I ſaid) is ſpent towards the embelliſhment of the publick walks round the town. Thus has this government wiſely turned a public diverſion into a public utility, and Count d' Aranda, *who has been the ſchemer of it, has taken it under his own immediate direction, nor ever fails to be there every night to take care that nothing happen to ſpoil the feaſt.*

Amongſt

Amongſt other laws, there is one, which prohibits every body to wear gold or ſilver on their cloaths at the Amphitheatre; nor are the ladies allowed to have jewels about them, but at one finger. This law brings all ſorts of people upon a kind of level. To encreaſe this equality, they have alſo introduced the cuſtom of talking to each other, and without any diſtinction of rank or ſex, in the ſecond perſon ſingular; that is, in the ſtyle uſed throughout Spain when people talk to the loweſt rank, or to intimate friends. Thus the dutcheſs and the grandee are there brought down from the altitude of their ranks, during the night by their very domeſticks, and by thoſe who out of the Amphitheatre would never dare to addreſs them but by title of Voſſelencia, *an abbreviation of* Vueſtra Excellencia. *But their temporary diminution of greatneſs, is amply recompenced by the jollity and alertneſs cauſed by this kind of equality. Let us now reſume the thread of our letter.*

Having

Having liſtened a while to the four blind men who rehearſed the praiſes of the Queen, and obſerving that the hall of the *Locanda* began to fill with people, who had run to their playing and ſinging, I bid them to touch the *Fandango*. Every body preſent began inſtantly to dance; but to their no ſmall mortification the landlord *Signor Zilio* ruſhed in to diſturb us all. *Coſpetonazzo*, cried he to me in his native language, bid the fellows ſtop playing, ſir, or we are all undone. Don't you conſider that the Queen is juſt dead, and this houſe an inn? Pray, ſtop them, or the *Alguazils* will be here in a minute, and carry us all to the devil.

This remonſtrance I thought very juſt, diſmiſſed the blind men with a few reals, and went to my ſupper, to the great diſappointment of ſeveral maidens, who had aſſembled from the nigher houſes at the ſound, and whoſe heels began to burn, as it is always the caſe throughout

the whole country on their hearing their dear Fandango.

What ſhall I tell you next? Whatever comes uppermoſt to be ſure, and without thinking of pretty tranſitions from one article of information to the other, as it is not poſſible to connect things of different nature, but by beſtowing more labour upon the mode, than the matter deſerves.

The Spaniards have phraſes of addreſs that would ſound odd in all the languages I know. When a gentleman approaches a lady, he does not tell her that he is her *humble ſervant*, her *moſt obedient*, and ſo forth, as men do to the ladies in Italy, France, or England; but that he *kiſſes her feet*, or *lays himſelf at her feet*. *A ſus piés*, *beſo ſus piés*; and when he takes his leave, he intreats her *to keep him at her feet*; *me tenga uſted a ſus piés*, or *baxo de ſus piés*, *under your feet*. The compliment ſhe returns with a *Biva uſted mil añ̃os*, *may you live a thouſand years*, or *vaya uſted*

Uſted con Dios, Vaya uſted con la Virgen go you with God, go you with the Virgin Mary; and when ſhe intends reſpect, ſhe *kiſſes your hands, Beſo a uſted las manos.* You may think the Spaniſh civilities rather too great, I mean the language of the men to the ladies; but general cuſtom takes off a good deal of the literal meaning from complimentary words in all countries, and the humility of this phraſeology does not interfere with that great familiarity which is here ſo common between the ſexes.

I told you yeſterday, that when the King goes out of town, half a dozen of his *Guardias de Corps* precede his coach on horſeback. Of theſe body-guards he has three companies conſiſting of two hundred men each, the *Spaniſh*, the *Italian*, and the *Flemiſh*, thus denominated from the nations that compoſe them. Their uniform is ſky-blue trimmed with ſilver lace. Every individual in them is ſuppoſed to be *de primera nobleza, chriſtiano*

viejo, y limpio de toda mala raza; that is, *of noble deſcent, a true chriſtian, and free from all bad blood.* I have obtained a liſt of the various articles of what the King allows them, amongſt which there are ſome that you will poſſibly think curious. Here you have them.

A compleat uniform every other year; that is, a coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches.

A belt and a bandelier every other year.

A ſilver hilted ſword on being admitted, which is to be returned to the company in caſe of death or quitting the corps.

A laced hat with a cockade made of horſe-hair tinged red, every other year.

Two yards of black ribband, and a black ribband-roſe yearly, for the cue.

A pair of red worſted ſtockings yearly.

The fourth part of a yard of muſlin yearly, for a ſtock.

A pair of ſtrong leather gloves, yearly.

A ſilk-ſtring yearly, to tie round the hilt of the ſword; red *to the Spaniſh company,* green

green *to the Italian, and* yellow *to the Flemiſh.*

Five and forty reals every two years for a couple of ſhirts.

One pound of charcoal every day, with ſeven candles and a half every month.

The pay to theſe guards is only a hundred and forty reals a month; ſo that he, who has nothing from his own family, fares but very poorly, as you may imagine, though each company has the privilege of a butcher who ſells them meat ſomething under the market-price.

They are all pick'd men, young and robuſt; and they have need to be ſo, as the exerciſe of running before the King and royal family is very violent. All are lodged in *Quarteles* (barracks) wherever the King is, two, three, and even four in a room, the furniture of which conſiſts of almoſt nothing elſe but their beds; that is, as many matraſſes as there are men; matraſſes not very ſoft, as they are filled with the coarſeſt tow. Each is al-

lowed a pair of coarſe ſheets, to be waſhed once a month. It is needleſs to tell you that their officers are all men of the higheſt rank.

Theſe three companies of horſe guards, together with another of foot called *Guardias Alabarderos*, are almoſt the (*a*) only military men to be ſeen in this peaceable town. The *Alabarderos* have in cuſtody the inferior parts of the royal pa-

(*a*) *Since the date of this letter, the ſtate of Madrid has ſtrangely altered in this reſpect. The ſudden riſing of the Inhabitants againſt the odious adminiſtration of Marquis De Squillace, on the 23d of March, 1766. has been the cauſe that a garriſon of ten thouſand men has been eſtabliſhed in the town; nor does the King go now out of it without almoſt any guard, as it was formerly the caſe, but two files of ſoldiers border his way from the great gate of his palace to more than half a league out in the country. The ten thouſand men are lodged in different quarters, and patrole the town both a-foot and on horſeback, ſeveral hundreds every night. You may well think that the Madrid-people will never more dare to riſe, having ſo formidable a body of regular troops to curb their ſpirit. Yet they carried their point at the time, as the hated Squillace was forced to quit the kingdom, and no tax laid upon bread, which was what gave the chief pretence to their inſurrection.*

lace,

lace, and the *Guardias de Corps* ſtand centinels by turns in the higher apartments. Should you want a diſtinct account of the land and ſea-forces actually kept up in this kingdom, you have but to procure a Spaniſh almanack, where you will find, that, between both, they amount to about a hundred and fifty thouſand.

Proviſions are not ſo dear in this town as I expected, conſidering its populouſneſs, and its being ſituated in a province that is far from being fertile. A poor family of ſix or ſeven people, may be daily ſupplied with bread, meat, and wine for as many reals. The bread here is as good as any where elſe; but the wine drank by the common people is not at all to my taſte. Beef, veal, and fowls, ſeldom come within the reach of a poor man's purſe, but pork and mutton are cheap enough. The common fare of the lower claſſes is freſh mutton and ſalted pork, boiled together with dry french-beans, chick-peas, onions, and pot-herbs.

On meagre days they feed upon ſtock-fiſh and pilchards, which they dreſs in various manners, but always ſo hot with *pimienta* (Spaniſh pepper,) that it is not eaſy for ſtrangers to accuſtom themſelves to ſuch a burning diet. The very pooreſt live almoſt entirely on the diſtributions of victuals that many convents make here every day throughout the year. There the beggar makes ſure of a loaf and a meſs of broth, often enriched with a ſlice of meat; and this I take to be the chief reaſon that we are here ſo little incommoded by ſtreet-mendicants.

With regard to the tables of the rich, they are as ſumptuous as any where elſe. A grandee of the firſt claſs was telling me the other day, that a full half of his income he muſt ſpend towards the maintenance of his table, and that income amounts to fifteen thouſand pounds ſterling; nor any reaſon could he give me of this prodigality; but that it is the cuſtom to do ſo, and that every body does ſo. The

ſingle

ſingle article of freſh fiſh, ſtands him in two thouſand pounds a year: but you muſt know that Madrid is provided with fiſh from *Valencia*, which is near ſeventy leagues diſtant.

The two deareſt neceſſaries in Madrid, I take to be wood for fuel and charcoal. A hundred pounds weight of either, coſts near a crown. This is the cauſe, I ſuppoſe that chimneys are not much in faſhion here. The poor in winter ſtand baſking in the ſun, wrapp'd up to the noſe in their ample *Capas*, and the rich ſit round a brazier placed in the midſt of a room, with well lighted charcoal in it.

You may have heard, that Spaniſh parents marry their daughters much earlier than in other countries; and it is really a very common thing to ſee girls bound in wedlock here, that are but twelve or thirteen years old. Amongſt other reaſons that parents have for ſuch premature marriages, there is this, that a young woman may eaſily get the huſband ſhe pleaſes, with-

without aſking their conſent. She that takes a fancy to a man, has but to give him a ring or any thing elſe as a pledge of her reſolution to be his wife, and inſiſt that ſhe will have no other huſband. The young man goes to his pariſh-prieſt, appriſes him of his intention to marry ſuch a woman, ſhows him the pledge he has of her love, and requires him to bring the marriage to a ſpeedy concluſion. The prieſt goes to her parents, has Miſs called before them, ſhows her the ring ſhe gave, and aſks her if it is true that ſhe will have ſuch a one for a huſband. Miſs anſwers in the affirmative, and her parents muſt ſubmit to ſee her the wife of one who does not often meet with their approbation. Should they take into their heads to oppoſe the will of their girl, the prieſt carries her to a nunnery, where ſhe is kept for a few days at a diſtance from her ſweet-heart; and if during thoſe few days her parents cannot perſuade her to change her mind, the mar-

riage

riage takes place in ſpight of them. I am told that the other day a French-cook ran away in this manner with the daughter of an Advocate, his maſter. However, this law does not extend to the chief nobility, and girls of high condition cannot ſo eaſily provide themſelves with huſbands after their own liking; but amongſt the middle and lower claſſes, I am aſſured that there are many couples married every year after this capricious manner, without cauſing the leaſt wonder, as a thing of courſe.

Another privilege that young women have here, and throughout the whole kingdom, is, that when they are got with child, they are likewiſe ſure of a ſpeedy marriage, as the man whom they charge with the fact, muſt turn a huſband directly, or go to priſon, and endure more vexation than he could poſſibly bear. How far ſuch laws and practices are conducive to the good order and general advantage of ſociety, I will not take upon

me

me to determine. But it is not unreaſonable to think, that the Spaniards find no great inconvenience ariſing from them to the commonwealth, otherwiſe they would ſoon aboliſh them, as it is not poſſible for any nation long to ſuffer a law or practice, that cauſes much diſturbance and proves highly inconvenient to the generality of individuals.

Yet among the Spaniſh laws there is one, which I think a very good one; and it is, that no eldeſt-born of a grandee, can marry the heireſs of another. There is the *Counteſs of Benevente* here, whoſe daughter is to inherit an income of fifty thouſand doubloons a year, and, in conſequence of that law, ſhe is to be married to the ſecond ſon of the *Duke d' Opuna*, who as a cadet has not a ſhilling. Could the eldeſt ſon of that duke become her huſband, he would be the richeſt ſubject in chriſtendom; but the law will force him to marry one as poor as his younger brother; and thus will Spain

have

have two families inſtead of one, both ſufficiently rich, which might poſſibly not be the caſe without that law.

Here, as in Italy, the dead are carried to the grave with their faces uncovered, and always preceded by a long proceſſion of prieſts and people ſinging pſalms and litanies as they go along with lighted tapers in their hands. The grandees are dreſſed in their princely robes, and buried in them; but the reſt of the people are habited like friars and nuns. The young and unmarried, have an additional crown of artificial flowers on their heads. You may eaſily gueſs that the number of prieſts and burning tapers, is in proportion to the means that families have of burying their dead with more or leſs pomp and ſplendour.

The friars, I am told, have lately introduced a practice here of producing pictures before their audiences towards the cloſe of their ſermons, in order to give their eloquence a greater degree of efficacy.

efficacy. A friar, for inſtance, after having expatiated with as much ardour as poſſible on the torments of hell, nods to ſome attendants to bring the picture, which exhibits ſome devils running red and ſharp irons into ſinners. The devils, as you may imagine, are painted moſt frightful, with horns, claws, and ſerpentine tails. The ſouls are ſymbolized by girls, for no other reaſon, but becauſe the word *ſoul* is of the feminine gender in this, as in ſome other languages. The reverend father claps a lighted torch before the picture, that it may be better ſeen by the ſpectators, and with the moſt hideous vociferation denounces everlaſting torments to the unrepenting, like thoſe that the painter has there expreſſed. The preachers of England only endeavour to perſuade ſinners out of their wickedneſs; but the Spaniſh fright them out of it. 'Tis pity that the author of *Fray Gerundio* has not been countenanced in his project of re-

forming the Spaniſh pulpit. This practice, which is here quite new, would have furniſhed him with an additional chapter in a ſecond edition of that book.

And here ends the narrative of what I have heard and ſeen during the week I have now paſſed in this noble metropolis. I hope you will find that the week has been tolerably well employed. Certain it is, that my account of it would have proved more ample and intereſting, but for that filthineſs which forces me away. To that the phyſicians attribute a mortal kind of gripes, which may be called the peculiar plague of Madrid. Another ugly effect of that filthineſs is, that it ſpoils the teeth of theſe inhabitants. The Spaniards out of Madrid have in general ſuch teeth, as really deſerve the poetical appellation of ivory, but here the caſe is quite different. It is great pity, eſpecially with regard to women, whoſe black eyes, chearful mien, and lively behaviour

haviour would ſubdue any Xenocrates, was it not for the uglineſs of their mouths.

LETTER LXI.

Squares in every town to fight bulls in. Cruelty inherent in man. A charitable woman. Small chapels by the ſide of high roads. Colleges ruined or going to ruins.

Alcalà de Henarez, Oct. 14, 1760.

THIS morning about eight I quitted Madrid, and not without regret, as I met with no perſon there, but what endeavoured to pleaſe me. Without the gate at which I came out, there is an amphitheatre of a conſiderable ſize, where bull-fights are much oftener exhibited than in the *Plaza Mayor* already mentioned.

It ſeems that theſe fights are, like the fandango, one of the chief paſſions of the Spaniards. There is not a town in this kingdom, but what has a large ſquare for the purpoſe of fighting bulls; and

and foreigners as well as natives have repeatedly told me, that even the pooreſt inhabitants of the ſmalleſt villages, unable to afford the expence of a bull, will often club together in order to procure a cow or an ox, and fight them riding upon aſſes for want of horſes. In former days no body was allowed to fight a bull on horſeback, that was not a gentleman born; but time has ſuperſeded this law, and at preſent bull-fighting is utterly engroſſed by the lower claſſes. However from time to time gentlemen will venture their guts againſt the horns of a bull, to ſhow their ſpirit or pleaſe a miſtreſs, eſpecially at the exhibitions in the *Plaza Mayor*, at which the King and the whole court never fail to be preſent.

I have no leiſure to trace this cuſtom of bull-fighting hiſtorically up to its origin; but it was certainly inſtituted by cruelty, or I am widely miſtaken. The proneneſs to cruelty is inherent in man, and a characteriſtic of his nature. You

ſtartle, and are ſorry to hear me ſay this: yet I ſay a truth, though a hard one; witneſs the delight we take in doing miſchief before we reach the age of reflection; witneſs the brutal multitudes that eagerly run to ſee ſhows of danger and blood; witneſs the athletic combats of the Greeks, the gladiatorial wounds of the Romans, and ſo forth. Crouds will gaze with rapture on a perilous (*a*) *Volo*, or on cocks piercing each other's breaſt with a ſharp iron: crouds will ſurround the wretch, who is going to be ſtrangled, broken, or burnt. Are not ſuch inclinations natural to us, and do they not imply an innate cruelty in our nature? Was it not for education, that ſuppreſſes it, what a hateful breed mankind would prove!

(*a*) *An Italian ſhow, in which a fellow ventures down a rope, one end of which is tied to the upper part of a ſteeple, and the other faſtened to the lower of ſome oppoſite building. It has happened that ſuch fellows loſt their hold, and were ſhattered to pieces by the fall.*

Such

Such were the thoughts that ſwam in my head, as I went by that amphitheatre. Not far from it we croſſed the *Manzanares*, and about a league further another ſmall river called *Xarama*. They ſay that the King has a plan to join them both in one, and turn their ſtreams to the purpoſes of agriculture. Could this ever be done, the country round would not look ſo uncomfortable as it does at preſent, being quite ſandy and deſtitute of trees.

At the diſtance of two leagues beyond the *Xarama*, there is a ſmall village called *Torrejon de Ardóz*, ſurrounded by a few kitchen-gardens, and corn-fields. There we ſtopped to refreſh; and while an omelet was making ready I took notice that the woman of the Poſada ſtood at the door with both her hands full of *quartillos*, which ſhe diſtributed amongſt a number of poor who had aſſembled there to receive her alms. I made bold to aſk her the motive of her liberality. *Es por las animas*, anſwered the woman;

that is, *to relieve the ſouls in purgatory.* The *animas* in Spain, as I have already obſerved, are a mighty mover of people's charity, and to them the beggars as well as the prieſts are much indebted, becauſe their greateſt income ariſes from the deſire that all Spaniards have to alleviate the torments of the ſouls in purgatory, which they think is infallibly effected by giving alms to the poor, and having maſſes celebrated by the prieſts. The woman of the *poſada*, as ſhe told me, has ſet apart four days in the year to diſtribute alms to the poor in her neighbourhood, and this day happens to be one of the four.

As you travel through Spain you meet by the ſide of every great road with chapels, that go under the appellation of *hermitas*, though no hermit lives in them. Theſe *hermitas* are all very ſmall, and have no windows, but only a hole in the door, through which paſſengers throw *quartillos* and *ochavos* in the inſide, and all

por

por las animas as uſual. I alighted to look into one of them through the hole of its door, but could ſee nothing of what was in it except a lamp that ſcarcely gave any light. I aſked the caleſſero what was the uſe of a lighted lamp in a chapel where no body lived. *Es para alumbrar los Santos de palo,* anſwered the fellow in a mocking tone; that is, *it is to light the Saints of wood,* meaning the wooden ſtatues of ſaints uſually placed in the *hermitas.* I could not help wondering at the bold expreſſion of the incredulous raſcal, as I thought that the meaner ſort throughout the country never dared to make a jeſt of wooden ſaints; and rebuking him ſeriouſly for his levity of words, he added with ſome archneſs, that he was no Caſtilian, but a Catalonian, and that he had *travelled through France.* You have travelled to very bad purpoſe, ſaid I, if you have learned no better than to ſcoff at what is held ſacred in your country, and I think you would do better to ſtick to

your religion, leſt you come to any harm; nor does it belong to caleſſeros to break jeſts upon the *Santos de palo*, but their buſineſs is to mind their mules and avoid the inquiſition. This reprimand, which he expected not from a foreigner, put him to the bluſh, and he is now making intereſt with Batiſte, that I may not delate him to the Inquiſitor General at Sarragozza.

A little before five we entered *Alcalà*, which is ſix leagues from Madrid, and entered it by the gate of *San Yago*. Leaving the care of ordering ſupper to Batiſte, I went to ſee the town. Some parts of it look very well, having ſeveral level ſtreets, and a pretty wide ſquare. There is an univerſity here, that was once very famous. *It was founded*, ſays the hiſtorian Mariana, *about the end of the fifteenth century by an Archbiſhop of Toledo, upon the model of that at Paris*; and, like that and many other, it con-

ſiſts

ſiſts of a number of colleges built in different parts of the town.

The firſt college that I entered, is called *del Rey (the King's)* becauſe it was erected by Philip III. So the porter told me, that has it in cuſtody. That porter is now the only inhabitant of the college, which has long been deſerted, and is viſibly going to decay. The apartments formerly inhabited by the ſtudents, run round a ſquare, ornamented with a double portico.

Coming out of it, I met with an Auguſtine friar at the gate of his cloyſter, and bowing to him, begged leave to give a look to his church and convent. The friar courteouſly complied with my demand, and took me all over his and his brethren's habitation. Three of the altars in their church are worth ſeeing, and their ſacriſty is one of the fineſt rooms in Alcalà, curiouſly embelliſhed with gilding and pictures. While I employed my eyes in examining it, a lemonade with

ſome biſcuits was brought me by another friar; and as I was going to take my leave of them with thanks for their civility, they both inſiſted upon their coming to ſhow me the town.

We paſſed before the jeſuits' church, which was already ſhut. If the inſide of it bears any proportion to the outſide, it muſt be very fine. Then we went to ſee the *Collegio Mayor de Santo Ideſonſo*, the grandeſt edifice in Alcalà. It conſiſts of three large court yards. The firſt is the beſt of the three, as it is ſurrounded by three high porticos, one over the other. There would be room enough in that college for four hundred ſtudents if it was in good order: but it is going to ruins, like that *del Rey*, ſo that their number amounts to no more than fifteen or ſixteen. They wear ample gowns and ſquare caps, both the caps and gowns of a ſaffron colour. A knot of them I ſaw earneſtly engaged in diſputation, and took notice that they made uſe of the

Latin

Latin tongue inſtead of the native, as they do likewiſe in moſt of our Italian univerſities; which is a bad practice in my opinion, as it accuſtoms young men to ſpeak Latin with too great a laxity, and unclaſſically.

The two friars and I, croſſed the three court-yards, and paſſed by another college called *de Santo Aguſtin*, which in a very little time will be nothing but a heap of rubbiſh. Near it there is that of *San Tomaſo*, deſerted likewiſe, and tumbling to pieces. "In this college, as "tradition informs us, was the great "cardinal Ximenes educated (ſaid one of "the friars), and when he came to be "archbiſhop of Toledo, this univerſity "flouriſhed greatly under his powerful "protection: but you ſee in what a con-"dition a few ages have reduced it! "We had here ten thouſand ſtudents in "his time, and ſcarce a hundred are now "left. Long wars, ignorance, and Sa-"lamanca, have robbed this town of its

"ſtu-

" ſtudents, and Madrid of our nobility " and gentry; ſo that Alcalà, once the " moſt glorious town in Caſtile, is now " one of the pooreſt in the kingdom!"

Thus diſcourſing we went to the *Collegio de Málaga*, formerly a larger edifice than even *San Idelfonſo*'s. It contained once four or five court-yards with noble porticos round each; but is now in the ſame condition with thoſe of *San Tomaſo* and *del Rey*, or worſe. The beſt part of its walls is fallen into its cellars, and numberleſs ſpiders form their webs in the cleſts of the broken ſteps of its principal ſtair-caſe. In former times there has been room in it for about a thouſand ſtudents. At preſent only one ſmall corner of it is inhabited by half a dozen.

I would fain have ſeen the reſt of theſe diſmal colleges, eſpecially that called *the Iriſh*, in which no body is admitted a ſtudent, except he be a native of Ireland or Great Britain, and a catholic: but night came on; ſo that I was forced to

part

part company with my kind conductors, and retire to the *Posada*. The habit of students in most universities is black; but in this each college is distinguished by a particular colour. That of the Irish is green, and their number has not amounted to a full dozen these many years, as the friars told me. They generally enter into orders when of a proper age, and then go back to their country as missionaries, and there endeavour to make converts to the Roman church. Out of nineteen or twenty colleges in this university, two thirds are absolutely uninhabitable, and the other third in a miserable plight. What a condition for a place that so many men formerly strove to render illustrious by the cultivation of learning! The chief cause of so woeful a decline, I take to have been the want of a permanent income. That want rendered it dependant on the royal treasury, and the dependance proved so precarious, that every college mouldered away

away by degrees, as the Kings of Spain happened to find that they wanted ſoldiers rather than ſcholars.

Alcalà, called *Complutum* by the Romans, did not in the fifteenth century reckon leſs than ſixty thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of the univerſity. At preſent it contains but between four and five thouſand, and very few amongſt them that are opulent. For about twenty ſhillings ſterling, I am told that a man may rent one of the beſt houſes in the town. At a diſtance it appears to great advantage being encompaſſed by a mooriſh wall that abounds with turrets like *Toledo*, and many other Spaniſh towns.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

Productions of ſome Spaniſh provinces. The life of a muleteer. River Nares. *Cloth manufactory at* Guadalaxara. *A French cook.* Hermita *in a valley with an inſcription on it, &c.*

Torrixa, Oct. 15, 1760.

THIS morning I got up long before day-break, and walked alone to the *Venta de Meca*, which is about a league from Alcalà, muſing all the way on the hard fate of its univerſity.

At that *Venta* I tarried about an hour, ſitting on a tottering ſtool by a fire with nine or ten muleteers, who had paſſed the night there, and were making ready for Madrid, whither amongſt other things they carry Aragonian beef and veal.

I found by the diſcourſe of theſe people, that the veal and beef eaten in that capital, are chiefly gotten from *Aragon*; the pork from *Eſtremadura*; the mutton and fowls from *Toledo* and *Leon*; the ſea-fiſh, legumes, and fruit from *Valencia*; the

the bread from *Old Caſtile*; and the wine and cheeſe from *La Mancha*. The greateſt part of theſe proviſions being carried thither by means of mules, inceſſant and long are the proceſſions that one ſees of thoſe animals going backwards and forwards on every road round Madrid.

Having warmed myſelf well, as the morning proved very cold, and ſwallowed a couple of freſh eggs, I took my leave of the muleteers, and went to wait for my caleſſeros at the *Venta de San Juan*, which is a league diſtant from that of *Meco*. *San Juan's* was alſo full of muleteers bound to and from Madrid. The poor fellows live a very hard life, pacing after their beaſts during the day, feeding upon almoſt nothing elſe but chick-peas and ſalt-fiſh three times in the four and twenty hours, and ſleeping at night on the bare ground in the ſtables by the ſide of their mules, each man wrapp'd up in a *Manta*, or *mule-covering*, with a pack-

ſaddle

ſaddle under his head by way of pillow. As far however as I have had opportunities to mind them in this journey, it would not be an eaſy matter to find a more chearful ſet of men than the Spaniſh muleteers. They ſcarcely ever appear weary; and in ſpight of their long walks during the day, they are always ready to fall a dancing wherever they meet with women at night, after having ſtroaked and curried their beaſts, and given them their *cevada*, or *portion of chopped ſtraw*. Nor are they leſs good-humour'd on the road, bantering each other as far as their wits can go, and ſtill oftener ſinging in chorus; which continual exerciſe renders their voices very flexible, ſo that many of them pleaſe the ear very well, and very few diſguſt it, be their ſkill in ſinging ever ſo indifferent. They look in general very manly, being of a good ſtature, and perfectly well limb'd, nor would a painter diſdain to draw their brown faces, frequently adorn-

ed with black eye-brows, high noſes, and thick lips. I have ſeen them at their victuals, and envied the goodneſs of their ſtomachs, though far from wanting one myſelf ever ſince I entered Spain, excepting only the week that I have paſſed in Madrid. The greateſt part of them drink at a meal more than I could in three days, nor have they their *borrachos* ever empty; yet none of them ever gets drunk, ebriety being the vice that is moſt deteſted by the Spaniards, both high and low.

About eight o'clock my caleſſeros overtook me, and we travelled three leagues further to Guadalaxara, a town that contains between ſix and ſeven thouſand inhabitants, as I am told. About half a mile before we reached it, we croſſed the noiſy river *Nares* on a bridge of boats, becauſe that of ſtone which was over it, has been broken down this fortnight paſt by a ſudden encreaſe of the waters.

The

The inn at *Guadalaxara* is by much the beſt that I have as yet ſeen in Spain. It is kept by a fat Frenchman, who, beſides a ſoop and ſome ragouts, gave me a brace of excellent partridges and a ſpitful of ſmall birds for dinner. While it was preparing, I went to ſee the cloth-manufactory, which, next to that of *Segovia*, is reckoned to be the greateſt in the kingdom. I counted ſeventy-four looms all in one room on the ground-floor, and ſeveral more in other rooms above-ſtairs. The director of the manufactory, a very civil Biſcayan, took me all about the place, explaining every thing that wanted explanation. He ſhowed me various ſpecimens of the cloth, and aſſured me, that about four thouſand pieces of it have been yearly made there during theſe three years paſt. No cloth is made there but what is ſuperfine; however, as he ſaid himſelf, they do not yet make it ſo tight and durable as the ſuperfine cloth of England. Their ſcarlet is

the moſt eſteemed; and the Biſcayan pretends that its colour is quite as vivid as that of the *Gobelins*.

The houſe where this manufacture is, was formerly the palace of a grandee, who ſold it to the king. The court-yard of it is adorned with ſeveral pedeſtrian marble ſtatues, which will ſoon tumble from their pedeſtals, if nobody takes more care of them than the director does. The keeping up of this manufactory coſts his majeſty ſeveral thouſand doubloons yearly, that the cloth may be ſold at a moderate price, which could not otherwiſe be done; the expence of the workmen being now too great, as they are almoſt all foreigners kept there by exorbitant pay. The director is in hopes, that in a few years many of the natives will learn the trade; and then, ſays he, the manufactory will not depend entirely on the king's munificence, as it does at preſent.

The

The French *Poſadero* told me at dinner, that during the three following days I ſhould find no grapes on the road to fill my baſket as uſual: yet I had not gone a league in the afternoon, but I found his information as falſe and ridiculous, as it was unwelcome. Juſt a league from *Guadalaxara* there is *Taracena*, a village that looks well at a diſtance, the territory of which is all planted with vines. I did not go through the village, but left it on my right hand, and about half a mile from it ſaw an *Ermita* (you know now what an *Ermita* is) that had this inſcription in large letters paſted on the door:

El illuſtriſſimo ſeñor don Juan Franciſco Manrique de Lara, Bravo de Guzman, Obiſpo de Placencia, concede quarenta dias de indulgencia a todas las perſonas que rezaren una ſalve delante de la imagen de nueſtra ſeñora de el Valle, que ſe venera en ſu Ermita de la Valle de Taracena.

In Engliſh, " *The moſt illuſtrious lord* " *don John Francis Manrique de Lara,* " *Bravo de Guzman, biſhop of Placentia,* " *grants forty days indulgence to every* " *body that ſhall recite a* (*a*) *ſalve before* " *the image of our Lady of the Valley,* " *which is venerated in her hermitage* (or " *chapel) in the Valley of Tarracena.*"

You may poſſibly think that this inſcription is too unimportant to deſerve copying and tranſlating. But, beſides that I muſt now make the moſt of every trifle, if I will fill my nightly letters, having no time to ſtop for enquiries after mighty things, you muſt likewiſe conſider, that what appears a trifle to one, may not be thought ſo by another. You will probably not be the only readers of my itinerary. If you like it, you will be glad to have it read by your friends. I ſhall think of printing it myſelf, if I find

(*a*) *A Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary, which begins,* Salve regina mater miſericordiæ.

it

it approved by many of them; and who knows but amongſt thoſe that ſhall read it, ſeveral may never have known what they will learn from this inſcription, that the biſhops of our church enjoy the privilege of granting forty days indulgence to the reciters of a *ſalve* before a madona? But pray, brothers, what do you think the moſt part of the Greek and Roman inſcriptions, that fill ſo many folios in every antiquarian's library? Unimportant trifles like this, in my opinion: yet many of the moſt learned men in all ages and countries have thought fit to employ a conſiderable part of their time in collecting, explaining, and illuſtrating them. My inſcription compared to theirs, has, to be ſure, the great diſadvantage of being a modern one; but ſtill, I muſt endeavour to preſerve it, for the ſake of many a ſcholar, that ſhall come into the world two or three thouſand years hence; and who knows but ſome future *Grævius* or *Spanhemius* may thank me for it, and

wiſh that I had copied not only every inſcription on the doors of the Spaniſh *Ermitas*, but even every bit of nonſenſe written with chalk or charcoal on the walls of all the Spaniſh *Ventas* and *Poſadas?* And here I muſt apprize you, that few are the Poſadas and Ventas which have not their walls covered with mottos, proverbs, ſentences, and ribaldry, both in proſe and verſe.

From the *Ermita* we went on along the valley mentioned in it. The valley is a league in length, and about a mile broad. It lies between two mountains, whoſe diſmal barrenneſs contraſts very well with its pleaſant fertility. On the right hand the ground is planted with vines, now loaded with grapes; and on the left with olive-trees, intermixed with ſycamores and fig-trees. At the end of the valley there is a ſmall town, called *Val de Noches*, which, they ſay, was the native place of *Hernando Cortes*, the renowned conqueror of Mexico. Beyond

Val

Val de Noches there is another valley near as long and broad as that of Taracena, and ſtill more beautiful than that, terminated by a great number of kitchen-gardens, that ſurround this village of Torrixa; at the entrance of which there is a Mooriſh caſtle, formerly a noble edifice, but now in a moſt ruinous condition. The *Poſada* here is ſtill better than that at *Guadalaxara*; I mean with regard to the building, and the rooms in it, which are pretty neat. The ſupper that the *Poſadera* gave us, bears no proportion, in point of cookery, with the dinner we had from the Frenchman; but the woman ſat down with me and Batiſte, which made the victuals more palatable, becauſe ſhe is as great a beauty as the fair Catalina at Badajoz.

LETTER LXIII.

A dialogue between a traveller and an aſs-driver. The urbanity of a grandee. The higheſt top in Spain. Cheap rent of houſes.

Alcolea del Pinaz, Oct. 17, 1760, about noon.

LAST night I ſlept at Algóra, and would, as uſual, have written from thence, had I found a table to write upon in that ſorry *Venta*. But why do I give it the epithet of ſorry? The marquis *de Caſtromonte*, who is a grandee of the firſt claſs, lodged there as well as myſelf; and a place that affords a lodging to ſuch a perſonage and his numerous retinue, ought not to be called a ſorry one.

But let us proceed with our cuſtomary method, and tell the ſtory of yeſterday and to-day with due regularity.

Yeſterday morning, ſetting out by break of day, we went to dine at *Grajanejo*,

janejo, a ſmall village about four leagues from *Torrixa*, and ſaw no kind of habitation during thoſe four leagues, excepting another village called *Triqueque*, which lies at ſome diſtance from the main road. But fail you not to take notice here, that I am very punctual in naming all the inhabited places I ſee, and ſet down their relative diſtances with as much exactneſs as travelling will permit, that I may enable you to form ſome ſort of idea of the populouſneſs of the provinces I am croſſing.

We could have had no dinner at all at *Grajanejo*, had it not been for ſome fowls ready roaſted, that we got from the Frenchman at *Guadalaxara*. However, we had a large fire, which was as neceſſary as the dinner, becauſe the weather was very cold, though it had been inſupportably hot only three days ago at Madrid. The reaſon of this difference is, that ſince we left *Alcalá* we have been going up the great mountains of Aragon.

The

The ambient element grows in a manner colder and colder at every ſtep. From *Grajanejo* to the *Venta* of *Algóra* there are four leagues, which I reſolved to pace in the afternoon, in ſpight of a frozen breeze that blew from the north. Leaving therefore Batiſte with the caleſſeros, I entered an ample foreſt, chiefly compoſed of thoſe oaks, the acorns of which have a ſweet taſte, and I chewed many of them by way of alleviating the tedioufneſs of my lonely walk.

Journeying on in this manner I overtook a fellow who drove ſome aſſes before him, and joined company with him. *Who are you, cavallero,* ſaid I, *and whither are you going with theſe aſſes?*

" *Señor cavallero,* ſaid he, *I am a poor* " *labourer, and live in the mountains of* " *Burgos. I am going to viſit the* mila- " groſa nueſtra Señora del Pillár *at* Zara- " gozza, *and theſe aſſes belong to ſome caval-* " *leros, who were pleaſed to give me ſome-* " *thing for my driving them a few leagues.*"

But,

But, said I, *who is this* miraculous Lady of the Pillar *you go to pay a visit to? I am a stranger here, and never was in this country before; so I shall be obliged to you if you will inform me of her.*

" *Our Lady of the Pillar*, answered the " man, *is a famous image worshipped in a* " *great church at Zaragozza. She is as* " *much esteemed* throughout the world (en " todo el mundo *was the expression) as* " *those of* Guadeloupe *and* Monserrate, " *because she is quite as miraculous as they,* " *if not more.*"

And are you paid, said I, *for going to pay her a visit so far as the mountains of Burgos to Zaragozza?*

" *Paid, sir*, said the fellow, quite sur- " prized at my question. *Paid? And* " *who should pay me for it? Nobody goes* " *to visit a nuestra Señora for pay.*"

This is what I did not know, said I. *But still, what is your motive for going so long a journey a-foot, and not amply supplied with money, as you gave me reason to think*

" *I*

" *I go,* said he, *becauſe I made a vow* " *to go.*"

I ſuppoſe, said I, *that you are a batchelor, and have nobody at home to mind, ſince you chuſe to ſtroll ſo far.*

" *Excuſe me,* said he; *but I have a* " *wife and three children.*"

Very well, said I; *I am glad to hear you have a family. But who takes care of them while you are upon this errand?*"

" *Nueſtra Señora del Pillár,* said he, " *will take care of them, and ſend them* " *ſome* elemoſnita *(ſmall alms) to ſupport* " *themſelves during my abſence.*"

Some elemoſnita, *friend! and have they nothing elſe to rely upon, but the alms that the holy Lady is to ſend them?*

" *Nothing elſe, indeed,* said he; *for we* " *are very poor.*"

But pray, my good man; would it not have been better for you to ſtay at home, and work for their bread and yours, rather than to abandon them to the chance of an elemoſnita?

" *Sir,*

" *Sir*, ſaid he, *I beg your pardon for* " *ſaying, that you foreigners do not under-* " *ſtand religion ſo well as we. I have* " *heard it ſaid once by a reverend perſon,* " *that foreigners prefer their intereſt to* " *their religion, and that we prefer our re-* " *ligion to our intereſt. I ſhall never for-* " *get that ſaying. And muſt I not think* " *of my religion before I think of my family,* " *being as I am, a* chriſtiano viejo ? *Muſt* " *we not accompliſh our vows when we* " *have made them ?*"

The argument of my *old chriſtian* was too ſtrong for me to reply. Therefore, putting ſome *quartillos* into his hand, I wiſhed him a good journey to his *milagroſa Señora*, and ſlackened my pace. The caleſſeros overtook me, and we reached the *Venta* juſt as the ſun was going down.

Sir, ſaid the *Ventero*, I am ſorry I have not the leaſt room for you, as the whole houſe is taken up by a grandee, who is juſt arrived.

This

This grandee was the marquis of *Caſtromonte*, already mentioned. He is on his return from Venice, where he has been ambaſſador ſome years. He travels with a conſiderable number of ſervants, and ſends a courier before, to beſpeak the *Ventas* and the *Poſadas* wherever he is to paſs a night. It was now too late for me to think of advancing further to the next Poſada. What could I do in ſuch a ſituation? I took my reſolution in an inſtant, and anſwered the *Ventero*, that I would make ſhift to ſleep in the ſtable on my ſtraw bag, if it was not poſſible to get a room.

While I was talking with the man, the marquis came to the door, and, gueſſing at the ſubject of our diſcourſe, approached me courteouſly, and aſked me what countryman I was. I told him my country, together with my preſent diſtreſs. We muſt manage better, ſaid he to the *Ventero*, than to ſend this gentleman to ſleep in the ſtable. Let me ſee.

Pedrillo (ſpeaking to one of his men) what room have you got? That next your excellency, ſaid *Pedrillo*. Well, my lad, (replied his excellency) thou muſt have patience for one night, and accommodate this ſtranger with thy room. I ſhall take care of myſelf, ſaid *Pedrillo* in very good humour, and there is room enough in the ſtable.

My lodging being thus luckily ſettled, I entered the *Venta* with the marquis, who politely forced me to ſit with him by the kitchen fire-ſide, together with his ſervants and ſeveral muletteers, and inſiſted upon my partaking of his ſupper, which was dreſſing at that ſame fire. It was ſet before us two hours after, and proved as ſumptuous as any that was ever eaten in ſo poor a place. You may well think that we were not wanting in chit-chat during the time. We talked of Venice, Madrid, and London, till midnight, and he ſeemed as much pleaſed with my loquacity, as I was pleaſed with his affability.

affability. Had he been ſo reſerved and proud as the Spaniſh nobility are conſtantly repreſented in French romances and Italian farces, I ſhould have paſſed but a very indifferent night by ſome mule, horſe, or aſs. In our long converſation we lamented the narrowneſs, inconvenience, and wretchedneſs of the Spaniſh *Ventas* and *Poſadas:* but he informed me, that a ſcheme had been thought on in Madrid, to render thoſe on the principal roads better, by inviting ſtrangers to keep them. How this will be contrived I don't know: but it will certainly not be an eaſy matter to have good inns in a country ſo little viſited by travellers as this is.

As ſoon as I got up this morning, I bid Batiſte to make amends to honeſt *Pedrillo* for the trouble I had cauſed him; but *Pedrillo* has a ſoul, and deſired Batiſte to keep for himſelf what I intended for him.

I muſt not forget to ſay, that laſt night I ſaw a Mooriſh caſtle, built on the top of a hill, not far from the *venta* of *Algóra*. There is never an end of Mooriſh caſtles in this region; but I could ſpare no time to go and give a look to the ruins of that, as the days are ſhortening apace, and we muſt now travel ſomewhat faſter than uſual, that we may not reach the poſadas too late at night.

It is now near noon, and we have already gone four leagues. About an hour ago we mounted a rugged ſteep, where my chaiſe was ſeveral times in danger of being overturned, and came to this miſerable village of *Alcoléa*, which the Spaniards believe to be the higheſt place in this kingdom. They affirm, that the higheſt top in the Pireneans is a mile lower than this, and I am almoſt diſpoſed to believe them, when I conſider that we have been inſenſibly aſcending theſe three days, and during no leſs than four and twenty leagues.

A POSTSCRIPT from *Maranchon* at night.

Coming down a ſteep and broken road from *Alcoléa*, we reached this place at ſun-ſet. The poſada, where we intended to alight, was ſo crowded with muletteers and other people, that the landlord had no room to ſpare us: but, as this is a village, and not a venta, it was not difficult to find a lodging in a peaſant's houſe. A large number of women of all ages, environed me as I alighted, wanting me to buy bread, fowls, pigeons, game, eggs, and other eatables, of which each of them had her baſket full. The houſe, in which I have taken up my quarters for the night, is perhaps the beſt edifice in the place, as it conſiſts of ſeven rooms; for which the landlord tells me, that he pays but four *peſos duros* rent, ſomething leſs than *twenty ſhillings* a year. At this rate, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould be but a very poor lord, if I was the *lord of Maranchon*. The village conſiſts of about two hundred houſes, and he would be but

but indifferently rich that was the proprietor of them all. Conſider then how poor the occupiers of theſe houſes muſt be, the greateſt part of whom are not even maſters of that, in which each of them lives. Yet theſe people look much better than the inhabitants of all the villages I left behind me: the women eſpecially, appear very clean. They tie their treſſes with ſilk ribbonds, have ſilver rings to their ears, and ſilver croſſes to their necks. Their chief trade conſiſts in bringing up fowls and pigeons, and there is not a muletteer or caleſſero that comes this way, but makes an ample proviſion of them, to ſell them again in the neighbouring towns. Theſe women are very happy when they can ſell a couple of large fowls to a traveller for three-pence Engliſh, and a dozen of eggs for a penny: I have had a ſupper to-night that would have ſufficed ſix people, and my bed, as well as Batiſte's, are (excluſive of Madrid) the ſofteſt and beſt that we have as yet had ſince

we left Lisbon: yet the whole reckoning amounts not to a shilling. I was told in Madrid, that the duke of *Medina Celi* is proprietor of near four hundred villages in *Old Castile*. If this is true, they must be much worse than *Maranchon*, as his income amounts only to sixty thousand pounds sterling, two-thirds of which arise from lands, mills, and other tenements in other parts of Spain. Was he possessed of as many villages within two hundred miles round London, he would undoubtedly be richer than all his brother grandees put together; such is the difference between a country that is commercial, and one that is not.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

Good accounts not to be written from ſmall places. Induſtrious country-women. Some extempore ſinging. No ſuch thing among the Arabs.

Tortuéra, Oct. 18, 1760.

THE ſtory of this day is ſo very ſhort, that it might be diſpatched in half a dozen lines, if I had a mind to it; but the habit of ſcribbling at night is now become ſo ſtrong, that I muſt be at it, whether I have a ſubject or not, and muſt tell not only what I have heard or ſeen during the day, but even ſome part of what I have thought: bear it therefore with patience, brothers, ſhould any of my future letters prove too ſcanty of materials, or ſhould words in a good meaſure ſupply the place of facts. You would be unreaſonable to expect from ventas, villages, and petty towns, ſuch ac-

counts as thoſe I have penned from Madrid.

The further I advance into Aragon, the better I find the inhabitants in many reſpects. From Alcalá to this place I have not yet ſeen one of thoſe diſguſtful female beggars, who go about Eſtremadura with an image in their hands, and force you to kiſs it whether you like it or not. Many were the women who encircled my chaiſe to-day at *Barbazil*, *Terra Molina*, and *Poncha*; but, inſtead of begging, they offered to ſell us baſkets of fowls, pigeons, partridges, thruſhes, eggs, cabbages, onions, garlick, honey, grapes, and other eatables. The baſkets they held hanging on their left arms, that they might employ their hands in ſpinning, which they continued to do even while they were talking, as if afraid of loſing time. I never ſaw a ſet of country-women that I liked better. Moſt of them were habited in coarſe woollen

woollen ſtuff, but both old and young looked very neat. The old wore *monteras*, or *woollen caps*; but the young had their heads bare. They tie their hair on the higheſt part of the head, and let it fall down their backs, divided in two treſſes. Many had ſilver buckles to their ſhoes, beſides their ſilver ear-rings and neck-croſſes. I complimented two or three of the prettieſt, on their beauty and their neatneſs, and my notice was received with a curteſy and a ſmile.

We dined at *Terra Molina*, and came to paſs the night in this village of *Tortuéra* which deſerves the appellation of a market town. As I alighted, I heard Guittariſts playing as they were going along the ſtreet followed by a croud. Impelled by my uſual curioſity, I joined that croud, and ſtopped with them under the window of a *muchacha muy guapa*, as I underſtood upon enquiry. The two fellows, who drew us after them, began to ſing extempore, the praiſes of the

handſome maiden, and ſaid ſo much of her beauty and virtue, that they could not ſay more if ſhe had been a compoſition between Venus and Sancta Thereſa. Yet their exaggerations had not force enough to induce her to come to the window, becauſe ſhe was not at home, as one of the by-ſtanders humorouſly obſerved. However, they went on very briſkly for an hour, ſinging alternately a *Seguedilla* each, ſneering at each other ſometimes; that is, when the aſſonance or the rhyme happened to be lame, or the verſes ſomewhat ſhorter or longer than the metre allowed, which raiſed ſeveral laughs.

I cannot indeed ſay much in favour of the verſification of the two bards, nor did I expect many poetical images from ruſticks, who probably cannot read. Yet there was a warmth of ſentiment and rapidity of expreſſion in almoſt every *Seguedilla*, that gave me reaſon to be ſufficiently aſtoniſhed at their powers.

I own, brothers, that I am not a little proud when I think I am probably the firſt traveller who took notice of this peculiarity of extempore-ſinging in theſe regions. Whether the Greeks and Romans ſung thus, or not, I have not erudition enough to aſcertain. But there is a paſſage in Homer, and one in Virgil, that lead us to think their reſpective countrymen were not perfect ſtrangers to this cuſtom. Homer introduces the poet Phemias to ſing extempore at the table of Penelope's ſuitors; and though the verſes ſung by Phemias are compoſed by Homer, yet Homer would not (I think) have produced an extempore-ſinger in the Odyſſey, if the cuſtom of unpremeditated ſinging had not been practiſed in Greece. Then Virgil gives us the dialogue of two ſhepherds:

Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, & reſpondere parati;

and

and their being *both ready to anſwer*, indicates, or ſeems to indicate, that the practice of ſinging extempore was not unknown to the ancient Romans.

Whether we can infer from theſe two paſſages, that the Romans and Greeks were addicted to this pleaſing exerciſe of the mental powers, I dare not take upon me to decide; but it is ſure, that neither the French nor the Engliſh (the two moſt poliſhed nations of the age) have this practice; and I do not recollect any account of any other people, ancient or modern, that had it. Yet it cannot be preſumed that the Spaniſh and Italian are the two only nations endowed with imaginations ſufficiently fiery, as to poſſeſs this gift excluſively of all other nations. There are, poſſibly, many more that do, or have done the ſame; but which they are, or were, we know not; or, to ſpeak more properly, I know not. I only know that I read the article through in *Caſiri*'s Catalogue of the Arabic

Arabic Poets; but could find neither trace nor hint that the Arabs had this practice, though the Arabs ſeem to have been as poetical a breed as ever exiſted.

It is needleſs to tell you, that after ſupper we have had an hour of dancing. I forbear to tell you this whenever it happens, merely to avoid repetition.

LETTER LXV.

Many ruined caſtles, and why. A French Pilgrim. Abſurd waſte of wax. A Spaniſh Eunuch.

Daroca, Oct. 19, 1760.

AT the diſtance of a league from *Tortuéra*, we croſſed this morning a village called *Embid*, where I took notice of a caſtle in ruins on a neighbouring hill. The Spaniſh vulgar beſtow the appellation of *Mooriſh* to every ruined caſtle in the kingdom: but the empire of the Moriſcos was not of long duration,

duration, either in Aragon or Catalonia; therefore, it is not eaſily to be ſuppoſed, that they could or would erect ſuch a number of large buildings, as is to be ſeen throughout theſe two provinces. Then many of the ruins themſelves betray a taſte of architecture much unlike that of the Moriſcos; therefore it is not improbable but that the greateſt part of thoſe caſtles were nothing more than the houſes belonging to the ancient nobility and richer gentry, who formerly did not uſe to live conſtantly in great towns, as it is the univerſal cuſtom at this preſent time.

From *Embid* to *Uſéd*, where we dined, there are three leagues. The intermediate country looks extremely fertile, and is full of trees of various kinds.

Mere chance appriſed me to-day that the Spaniards do not eat meagre on Saturdays, as we do in Italy, though the religion of both countries is the ſame. I do not know the reaſon of this difference;

ence; but ſuppoſe that it is cauſed by the ſcarcity of fiſh in the inner provinces of this kingdom, too diſtant from the ſea, and not abounding in rivers. I wonder I did not take notice of this peculiarity during my ſtay in Madrid. I ſee by this overſight that I am guilty of inattention, as well as all other travellers.

Strolling about the town of *Uſéd* while dinner was preparing, I met with a Frenchman in the habit of a pilgrim, and aſked him to dine. He accepted of the invitation, and gave me an account of his long rambles through Spain and Italy. Being croſſed in love by his father, an apothecary at Bourdeaux, he ran away from home, and has led a moſt erratic life theſe five or ſix years, ſcarcely ever ſtaying a whole day in one place. Not being aware that he was talking to an Italian, he gave me but a very indifferent account of the charity of our friars, to whom pilgrims have a preſcriptive right to apply for food when preſſed

preſſed by hunger. Our Italian pilgrims, in his opinion, are likewiſe a hateful race; and he aſſured me, from his own repeated experience, that nine in ten are mere vagabonds and thieves; which is not the caſe with thoſe in Spain, where people of ſome conſideration, and ſometimes gentlemen, undertake to go a pilgrimage to Loretto and Rome, impelled by motives of devotion.

As he is but a young man, I endeavoured to perſuade him to return to his father, and procure a pardon for his deſertion, which may probably be eaſily obtained after ſo long an abſence; but he is abſolutely reſolved to go on in his preſent way of life, and walk from ſanctuary to ſanctuary for ever, without ever going out of this kingdom, where alms are ſeldom denied to pilgrims at convents and by the country people. You have heard that Spain is not wanting in ſanctuaries, and he has viſited them all ſeveral times already. He told me a great many

things of *San Yago de Compoſtella* in Galicia, and of *Nueſtra Señora de Monſerrate* in Catalonia, that would be worth relating; but I apprehend that his accounts are inaccurate, and I will not enter into long details upon the bare word of a ſtroller, of whom I know nothing. As he ſeemed to have ſome ſort of ſchool-education, I adviſed him to keep an account of his rambles, and was going to give him ſuch directions as I think proper on ſuch a ſubject; but he has now been ſo long without handling a pen, that he cannot uſe it with facility; and I don't queſtion but he will ſoon loſe the power of writing, having been very ſlow in writing a ſentence with my pencil. I would give much for an exact journal of ſuch a rambler; and am ſure it would prove very entertaining, was it done with any degree of ſkill. He travels on leiſurely, begging his way, and relying intirely upon the chance of people's charity. But ſince an alms is

eaſily

eaſily obtained in this country, I wonder that the number of pilgrims is not greater, this being the only one that I have as yet ſeen in Spain.

A league on this ſide *Uſéd* we croſſed a village called *Sanſéd*, which, like *Embid*, has a ruined caſtle on a neighbouring eminence. Going ſtill onwards another league, we found ourſelves on the ſummit of a mountain, where we had ſtrait before us a wide proſpect of a great number of barren hills, gradually riſing one behind another. There I alighted, and, quitting my caleſſeros, and the great road, walked along a ſhortening path to the town of *Daroca*, which lies at bottom of a moſt beautiful valley. A ſmall river that runs by it, fertilizes it greatly, and renders it a delightful ſpot. The landſcape round the town is pleaſingly diverſified by rocky cliffs, ſome of which are very high. Zuccarelli's fanciful pencil never drew any thing ſuperior

perior to the romantic environs of *Daroca*.

Having waited half an hour at the *poſada* for the arrival of my people, and ordered ſupper, I went to ſee the town, which is but little, yet not ill built. I entered a church, in which a benediction was juſt going to be given. Its principal altar was lighted with at leaſt three hundred tapers; and a numerous band of muſicians from the organ-place filled the air with harmony, both vocal and inſtrumental. I ſee that the Spaniards are no better œconomiſts than the Italians in the article of illuminations in churches. Like us, they waſte more wax in them than the country can afford; ſo that, like us, they are obliged to procure a good deal from foreign parts. I have long wondered at our Italian governments, that never would ſuppreſs, or at leaſt reſtrain this idle expence of ours. But this is not the only inſtance of abſurd adminiſtration amongſt us and the Spaniards.

At the above benediction I heard an eunuch ſing, and aſked a by-ſtander whether he was an Italian or a Spaniard. *Arragonés como yo (an Arragonian like myſelf)* was the laconick anſwer. But, pray replied I, have you alſo the handſome cuſtom here that they have in Italy, of mutilating children to make muſicians? We have no ſuch cuſtom, anſwered the man. This ſinger, they ſay, was a poor boy that ſuffered caſtration in an hoſpital at Zaragozza in conſequence of ſome diſtemper: This gave him his fine voice, and his voice obtained him patrons; and as he has turned prieſt, our biſhop has procured him a good chaplainſhip in this town. He is a *Licenciado*, and condeſcends ſometimes to ſing in churches on feſtival-days.

LETTER LXVI.

Barren country. Shrubs that ſerve for fuel. A Pochéro. *A lonely place. Engliſh and Spaniſh dogs. A plant of thyme plucked up, and why.* Don Diego *and his little daughter.* Garnache, *an excellent wine.*

Longâres, Oct. 20, 1760.

I Begin to be aſhamed of the repetition; yet I cannot help ſaying, that cloſe to the village of *Retaſcón*, and a league from the town of *Daroca*, there is on an eminence a *caſtillo moriſco*; that is, another caſtle gone entirely to ruins.

During that league and the two following, to a knot of poor houſes called *Mainár*, the more you advance, the more barren the land appears: but from *Mainár* to the *venta de San Martin* (another league) the country is quite a deſart that produces nothing, except roſemary, ſpike, thyme, and other ſuch ſhrubs,

which ſerve the inhabitants inſtead of fuel.

Having ſet out this morning three hours before my caleſſeros, I reached that *venta* a-foot. There I ſhould have been glad to find a bed to throw myſelf on for a couple of hours: but the houſe is ſmall, and every room in it had been taken up by a gentleman called *Don Diego Martinez*, who with his lady and ſervants had reached the place an hour before me in a coach and ſix mules.

Beſides reſt, I wanted likewiſe food. By good luck the man of the *venta* had his *pochéro* ready; that is, a meſs of *garvanzos (chick-peas)* boiled to a pap in oil, and ſeaſoned with garlick, onions, and pepper, beſides an ample diſh of ſalt-fiſh alſo fried in oil, as butter cannot be the produce of this gravelly ſoil. I fell to with the *ventero* and his family, and never eat with a keener appetite, having walked full ſixteen miles in leſs than five hours. In London I ſhould

ſcarcely

ſcarcely have ſuffered my dog to eat of ſuch a dinner; but in ſuch a place as the *venta de San Martin*, a man muſt not be too delicate; beſides that a walk of ſixteen miles in a cool morning, will make one think that any food has an admirable reliſh. However, to make amends for the ſtrange victuals, the *ventero's* wife produced a *piél*, or *ſkin-bag*, full of a moſt excellent *Cariñena*-wine, and I ſucked out at the cock ſo often and ſo kindly, that my ſpirits were entirely recruited, and my wearineſs forgot in half an hour.

Having thus dined, I went out of the *venta*, which lies at the foot of a ſtony hill. The aſcent of it, meaſured by the eye, may be about half a mile. A fit of curioſity ſeized me to know how the country looked from the ſummit of that hill; and without loſing a moment in deliberation I went up the aſcent, which proved ſtepeer than I thought it at a diſtance, and pretty fatiguing, becauſe of

the looſeneſs and ſmallneſs of the ſtones on which I walked: yet I did not turn back, and in about half an hour I was where I wanted to be; that is, on its higheſt part, from which I could ſee nothing but other ſmall hills, lying one behind the other, all barren, all deſolate, all ſilent. No houſe, no habitation could I diſcover from thence, except the *venta* beneath. Nothing but an expanded wilderneſs as far as the eye could reach. The ground on that ſummit produces abſolutely nothing but thyme, that perhaps no body ever thought of touching for centuries paſt. I plucked up a ſtalk of it, near as big as my wriſt, and put it in my pocket, with an intention I ſhall tell you by and by.

While I was going up that hill, I ſpy'd a large flock of ſheep at ſome diſtance, and changing my direction, went towards it, having a mind to aſk the ſhepherds ſome few queſtions: but one of them cried out to me not to approach,

becauſe

becauſe his *perros* were *malos*; that is, his *dogs* were *wicked*. I obey'd his command, and continued to go upwards. The Engliſh value themſelves upon the ferocity of their dogs, that never will let go their hold when they have once faſtened their teeth in live fleſh, were you to cut them limb by limb. Yet no Engliſh dog would be an overmatch for one of thoſe that guard the Spaniſh ſheep, as they are ſo fierce, that they will not only face in ſingle combat the biggeſt wolves of the Pireneans, but ſtrangle them in a moment, being both ſtrong and nimble. I am told that they will let alone any paſſenger that comes a head of their flocks, but will attack thoſe that reach them from behind, if the ſhepherds are not ready to interpoſe.

The reaſon I had for wiſhing to talk to ſome of thoſe ſhepherds, was to aſk ſome queſtions about their ſheep, and the long walks they take with them: but they ſeemed in haſte to croſs the

deſart, as ſheep do not eat thyme, and nothing elſe is there for them to eat. I have heard that the Spaniſh ſhepherds lead their flocks from province to province, ſtopping to feed wherever they meet with proper paſture as they go along; nor can they be hindered by any proprietor of land from ſo doing, provided they pay him a certain price that the law has fixed. Some particularities of thoſe ſheep-walks I wanted to learn from the ſhepherds, and their manner of diſpoſing of their wool, its price, chief markets, and ſo forth: but, as I ſaid, they were in motion, and their dogs hindered my approach.

Continuing my progreſs upwards, and reaching the top of the hill, I advanced a little on a narrow flat that is there, looked round, plucked up the mentioned plant, and looked round again and again on every ſide. After having thus conſidered the awfulneſs of the ſolitary wilderneſs, I ſat myſelf down on a ſtone,

and

and ſaid to myſelf: " What a place for " meditation is here, in the midſt of this " eternal abode of ſilence! here is no " man, no beaſt, no bird, nothing to " make the leaſt noiſe. Let me ſink " into ſome reverie, and try how far my " undiſturbed thoughts will go."

Saying this I leaned my head upon my hands, and fell a-thinking. About what? A plague upon my fooliſh imagination, that would offer nothing to me but the black-eyed *Paolita* of *Badajoz*. I wonder how ſhe entered my thoughts ſo unſeaſonably! was there nothing elſe to think on, but a girl, whom I ſhall probably ſee no more? could I not think of the earthquake of Liſbon, of the ruins of the univerſity at *Alcalá*, of the king of Spain, or ſome other great thing? no! *Paolita* got in on a ſudden, I know not how; and it was not poſſible to drive her out. The more I ſtruggled to get rid of her, the more ſhe engroſſed my thoughts, and no other image

image could I ſubſtitute in the place. Her obſtinacy in keeping thus poſſeſſion of my mind, made me at laſt quite angry; ſo that I ſtood haſtily upon my legs, took to my heels, and ran back to the *venta*, at which my caleſſeros ſoon arrived.

Re-entering the *venta*, I recollected the plant of thyme I had in my pocket; and taking it out, and wrapping it up in a white paper, wrote theſe words upon it by way of

MEMORANDUM.

On the 20th of October, 1760.

This plant of thyme was plucked up on the ſummit of a barren hill in the kingdom of Aragon, not far from the Venta de San Martin, by a Pſeudo-botaniſt of Turin, with an intention to make a preſent of it to the arch-botaniſt JOHN MARSILI, *a profeſſor in the univerſity of Padua.*

I do not doubt but my friend *Marſili* will be pleaſed with my preſent, and

give

give it a place in his *hortus ſiccus*, as a thicker plant of thyme I am pretty ſure never grew in his garden. I hope he will give me a couple of pine-apples in return, and think it a bargain.

Having written my inſcription, I ſaw *Don Diego* handing his lady down the ſtairs, preceded by a woman with his little daughter, a very pretty girl about ſix years old.

What is your name, my ſweet angel, ſaid I.

My name is *Pepina Martinez*, anſwered the little thing, and dropped me one of her beſt curteſies.

You are ſo pretty, ſaid I, that I muſt give you a kiſs, if you pleaſe: and lifting her up in my arms, carried her to the coach that waited, and placed her in it. *Don Diego* and his lady thanked me for it, got into the coach, the poſtillions trotted away, and I went to ſleep an hour, while my mules were refreſhing,

ing, and my caleſſeros eat their dinner with Batiſte.

At one in the afternoon I got into the chaiſe, and went on. During a league the deſart continued; but going down a woody hill, the aſpect of the country changed quite for the better. About two leagues from the *venta* we croſſed the village of *Cariñena*, ſtopping only a few minutes to fill our *borracho* with a wine called *garnache*, which is the very beſt I have as yet drank in Spain. The *Cape of Good Hope* has ſcarcely any better. I wonder *Cariñena's* is ſo little known in the world: but the ſmall territory that produces it, is too far inland; ſo that it is drank by the inhabitants and by the happy caleſſeros, muleteers, and few travellers that happen to paſs thither.

As the ſun was ſetting, we came to this *Longáres*, and luckily happened to alight at the ſame poſada where *Don Diego Martinez* had put up. He ſpy'd me from the window as I alighted,

came

came down to me, was glad to ſee me again, and rejoiced to hear I was going to Barcelona. We ſhall, ſaid he, go a part of the way together, to the great joy of *Pepina* who cannot ceaſe talking of the notice you took of her. See, ſaid I to myſelf, ſee what it is to be pleaſed with folks! they are preſently pleaſed with you!

Don Diego told me, that he was for *Cervera*, a town in Catalonia, the king having made him *corregidor* there. While thus talking, we ſaw a proceſſion paſs in the ſtreet, followed it, joined with them to ſing *Paters* and *Aves*, and entered a church with them. As I advanced to the baſon in order to give holy water to the corregidor, a clown that ſtood by, dipping his fingers into the water, ſprinkled with a fillip ſome of it, firſt in one of my eyes, then in the other. An odd ceremony, thought I, and not unlike that of the Iriſh porters in London, who, when the maſs is over, throw the

holy

holy water by handfulls on the company, and ſtain your cloathes when it happens to be foul.

The litanies and benediction being ended, *Don Diego* and I came out of the church, took a ramble about the town; then returned to the *Poſada*, where he inſiſted upon my ſharing his ſupper with himſelf and his lady. She is a grave matron about forty, and has been a *Camariſta* to our ducheſs of Savoy. *Pepina* had juſt been put to bed before we came in. We talked of the *Duqueſa Infanta* during ſupper, and parted company about eleven, they to their bed, and I to my quill.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

Sheep-walks in Spain. A vulgar error in Piedmont about mutton. Don Diego's manner of travelling. Simplicity of the few inhabitants at Maria. *A new acquaintance from* Siguenza. *A monarch's ſuppoſed ſchemes. Idleneſs of people's hopes under a new reign. A gate miſſed. Two cathedrals in a town. The ugly adventures of Antonio Perez. Obſervations on imperfect rhyming.*

Zaragozza, Oct. 21, 1760.

I Told you the reaſon that checked my curioſity, and kept me yeſterday from approaching a flock of ſheep.

Walking out of *Longáres* this morning by break of day, I met with another ſuch flock, and preſently entered into diſcourſe with one of the ſhepherds that tended it, but could not learn much of him, as the direction of their journey was juſt oppoſite to mine. I had only

time to be told, that " they are upon " their march from the hilly country " round Lérida in Catalonia to the " plains of Andaluſia, where they are to " winter. That they go this long jour- " ney backwards and forwards every " year, at the rate of two, three, and " even four leagues a day, both men " and ſheep lying every night in the " open air, except the weather is very " bad; for in that caſe the men will " form to themſelves a hut of branches, " if there are any at hand. That, were " the ſheep to be kept conſtantly at home, " and under ſhelter every night, as it is " the caſe with thoſe they call *ovejas* " *caſéras (home-bred ſheep,)* their wool " would grow coarſe, and the flocks " endangered by the rot, which is only " avoided by frequent change of cli- " mate, and keeping in the open air. " That the ſheep in Aragon and Anda- " luſia, one with another, will com- " monly ſell to the butcher for about

" twenty

" twenty four reals a piece, and that the " ſheerings of three ſheep, when found " and full grown, do generally yield " an *arroba* of wool; that is, *five and* " *twenty pounds weight*, before it is " cleaned, which diminiſhes by half " when purified and rendered fit for " ſale. That ſheep will feed on nothing " but tender graſs, and never touch " roſemary, thyme, ſage, lavender, and " other ſuch plants, except when hardly " preſſed by hunger; but that they " would ſoon periſh, were they to live " but three or four days upon ſuch an " improper food."

This laſt article being true, as I believe it is, the contrary opinion that prevails univerſally amongſt us with regard to the ſheep in Savoy and Switzerland, becomes a mere vulgar error. You know that we attribute in Piedmont the good flavour of the Savoyard and Swiſs mutton to the ſheep feeding upon odoriferous plants; but the ſheep in thoſe countries

cannot be of a different nature from theſe of Spain, and feed upon what is loathed by the Spaniſh ſheep.

The beauty of thoſe animals is really greater here than either in our country or in England. I mean with regard to their fleece, which in Spain ſhines with a luſtre ſcarcely inferior to that of ſilk. But here the ſheep are not ſo large as in England, nor is their wool ſo long and buſhy.

Like all men that have read much poetry in the prime of age, I have once entertained very high notions of paſtoral happineſs; nor have I forgot the time when I was tempted to run away from home, and go to turn ſhepherd in the Alps. Thoſe notions, indeed, have now been long effaced: yet I think I could willingly take a trip to Andaluſia with the ſhepherds of to-day, was it not for that ugly circumſtance of lying in an open field at night, and ſeldom under ſhelter. A twelvemonth of ſuch a life would otherwiſe prove pleaſing enough

in my opinion, and afford very entertaining ſubjects for many letters, as numberleſs curious obſervations might be the fruit of ſuch a peregrination.

Not being willing to go backwards to *Longáres* with thoſe ſhepherds for the ſake of further information, I bid them a good journey, and continued my lonely walk. Don Diego's coach ſoon overtook me, as his caleſſeros, or poſtillions, call them as you liſt, drove at a good rate. He cried to them to ſtop, and would have me get in with him, which I begged leave to refuſe, as he was already ſufficiently crouded with his lady, child, and two ſervants. I wanted then to inſpect the country at leiſure, beſides that the exerciſe of walking keeps up my ſpirits bravely, and proves no leſs delightful than ſalutary.

Don Diego's way of travelling ſeems more judicious than mine. He has agreed with his caleſſeros, that they ſhall go the uſual journeys, which ſeldom

exceed eight leagues; but that they ſhall trot, inſtead of pacing it, as my caleſſeros do. By this contrivance he ſets out much later in the morning, and reaches the Poſadas at noon and at night much earlier than I. Had I been appriſed that this was practicable, I would have made the ſame bargain with my caleſſeros; nor would this have interfered much with my morning and afternoon walks, as I could ſtill have got into my chaiſe as ſoon as overtaken by the trotting mules, and avoid the languor of going a ſlow pace when that is the caſe. Thus I ſhould have the advantage of more time, at night eſpecially, to inſpect the towns and villages where we put up, and by rambling about them an hour or two longer than I can do at preſent, make poſſibly ſome obſervation worth telling. But complete information of whatever kind is ſeldom obtained at once, nor can I now rectify the error I have committed through ignorance,

and

and alter the plan of my journey, which however is tolerably well performed as it is.

I dined this day at *María*. Don Diego and family arrived there near two hours before me. *María* is a village of about twenty houſes. It belongs to *Count de Fuentes*, who has ſucceeded my friend *D'Abreu* as miniſter to the Britiſh court. The Poſadero could ſcarcely believe his eyes when I ſhowed him the name of his lord in my paſſport, and took me for a great man, that could ſhow a large ſheet of paper ſigned by his lord's own hand. You would have been diverted at the notions the ſimple folks have at *María* of the great people at court. They border much upon that of the good old woman, mentioned by our poet *Berni*, who fancied that the pope was either a dragon, a mountain, or a cannon.

With Don Diego at the Poſada I found an eccleſiaſtick who comes from *Sigu-*

enza on mule-back. The urbanity of the Corregidor extended to him as well as me, forcing us both to partake of a dinner prepared by his cook. I was not diſpleaſed with the addition of our new companion, who proved of a chearful diſpoſition, and a nimble talker, as indeed almoſt all Spaniards are. *Su Reverencia* (this is our mode of addreſs to him) is a canon of the cathedral at Siguenza. In conſequence of a quarrel, that he and his brethren have had with their biſhop, he has been forced to quit that town with them by an order of the court. When they will be recalled is uncertain. Mean while our canon is going to paſs a few months at *Barcelona* with a brother, who has ſome military command there. I ſhall therefore have a companion ſo far as that town, having already agreed with him, that his ſervant, who follows him on foot, ſhall ride on his mule, and he with me in the chaiſe. We did ſo this afternoon, and

it

it was not unlucky for him to have met with one who has a place to ſpare in a vehicle, as the weather proved uncommonly hot. Ever ſince I quitted *Alcoléa*, the ſun grew warmer and warmer, and had the canon been obliged to ride his beaſt, it would not have been very agreeable, conſidering that he is very fat.

I ſhall not entertain you with the jollity of our dinner and the repartees of little *Pepina* to her *Cortejo*. We left *María* at two, and reached this town before five, the diſtance being but two leagues. The canon, amongſt other things, informed me of the meaſures that the king is ſaid to be going to take, that he may put his kingdom in good order. The exportation of wool is ſoon to be prohibited; though not from the whole kingdom, becauſe that is not yet practicable; but only from *Old Caſtile*, where manufactories are to be ſet up at the royal expence. The great roads are to be mended in many places; new *Ventas* and

Posadas built along them with all sorts of conveniencies, and foreigners invited to come over to keep them. Foreigners likewise are to be allured to settle in *Sierra Moréna*; that is, in the mountains between Madrid and Cadiz, where whole * villages and towns are to be built for their reception. It seems that those mountains for a considerable tract, have been without inhabitants ever since the expulsion of the Morisco's. The king is the sole proprietor of them, and that property he is to share amongst the settlers that he is to invite from abroad, besides building houses for them, and furnishing them with conveniencies for agriculture. All sciences, continues the canon, are greatly to be cultivated, and arts to flourish vigorously under the powerful patronage of our new monarch.

* *Something of this has been done soon after the date of this letter, and some hundreds of houses built in those mountains; but the foreign settlers are as yet very few.*

Such

Such are the hopes that the new reign has kindled in the breaſts of the Spaniards, and I wiſh they may not be fruſtrated. But every new reign in every country commonly raiſes expectations much greater than the nature of men and things will admit. I am therefore afraid that thoſe of the Spaniards are of this caſt, eſpecially as their country has been equally drained of men and money by their late war in Italy, and too large a treaſure will be wanting in my opinion to carry ſuch mighty ſchemes into execution. An economical management of the public revenue, ſome regulations about the obſervance of lent and faſt-days, ſome reſtraint on the encreaſe of friars and nuns, and other ſuch diſpoſitions talked of at Madrid, might poſſibly be conducive towards a recovery of this monarchy, which a long continuance of bad government has brought below its natural mark. But what is eaſy in ſpeculation, may not prove ſo in practice,

tice, and changes are not to be quickly brought about. Great works and new enterprifes require a ftrong fpirit of perfeverance, nor is it in the power of kings to inſpire their miniſters and agents with that virtue, let us ſuppoſe them ever ſo much poſſeſſed with it themſelves. However, I am too ignorant of what is tranſacting in the councils at Madrid, to venture upon prognoſtics. I am pleaſed with the ſanguine confidence of my new acquaintance the canon, and, were I a Spaniard, I would endeavour to adopt it, becauſe the dreams of hope are the moſt pleaſing of all dreams.

The approaches to this town of Zaragozza are extremely fine, particularly at this time when all the peaſants, both male and female, are buſy about their vintage. The richneſs of their vineyards is ſcarcely to be conceived. I never ſaw ſuch an abundance of plump grapes, ſo beautifully coloured. You know that the vintage-ſeaſon is the moſt merry time

with

with our country-people; nor is it a ſad one with the Aragonian ruſticks, by the little of it that I have ſeen to day. Both men and women ſeemed inflamed with joy at the ſight of their overloaded vines, and they ſung and capered as they went along with full baſkets upon their heads.

Wanting to inſpect the ſcene better, I quitted the chaiſe, got on the canon's mule, and wiſtfully caſt my eyes before and round me. Indeed I do not recollect any of our towns that preſents a better appearance, or a more enchanting territory than Zaragozza. Its cupolas and ſteeples, the vineyards and numberleſs trees on every ſide, the plain bordered by mountains, together with the brighteſt ſky that it is poſſible to imagine, formed a landſcape well deſerving the pencil of a Claude Lorrain.

Having enjoyed this proſpect a few minutes, I trotted towards ſome ſoldiers who were exerciſing on my left hand, and ſoon found myſelf at one of the city-

city-gates. There I ſtopped to wait for my caleſſeros, and wondered at their tardineſs, as I expected they would be there ſoon after me. But having waited in vain a full hour, looking at the evolutions of a battalion, and growing impatient at their not coming, I entered the gate, and enquired after the *Poſada del Pillár*, at which I knew they would put up. A young drummer, whom I ſoon found to be an Italian, offered to ſhow me the way, and the offer was accepted. Alighting at the *Poſada*, I found to my no ſmall ſurpriſe that my people had reached it an hour before, perfectly at a loſs how to account for my not being there. We enquired after you at the city-gate, ſaid Batiſte, but the cuſtommen aſſured us that they had ſeen no ſuch perſon go by. And, ſaid I, I have waited a long hour by the ſide of that gate, and watched it; but ſaw no chaiſe go in. How can this be? How did this happen?

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, ſaid my countryman the drummer, I know very well how to account for this; and he explained the riddle immediately by telling the name of the gate at which I entered. I had overlooked the nigheſt, and went to the left inſtead of going to the right. You may well think that my blunder made the by-ſtanders laugh, and that the laughers were not on my ſide.

Having paid my reſpects to Doña Mariana, and embraced my little *Cortejo*, Don Diego and I went to ſee the *Nueſtra Señora del Pillár*, that has been the great object of my aſs-driver's peregrination from the mountains of *Burgos*.

This *Nueſtra Señora* is an image of wood, and is called *del Pillár*, becauſe it ſtands on a marble pillar lodged in a dark ſubterranean chapel, where it is not to be looked at, but through a hole that has been made on purpoſe in the wall.

The church in which this image is placed, is very large, and of a majeſtic archi-

architecture; but wants a better floor, as that which it has at preſent, is compoſed of mouldering bricks, which render it very duſty. The church contains ſome ſpacious chapels, in which there are altars nobly ornamented, eſpecially with pictures. In the middle of the church they are actually building a kind of dome ſupported by columns of red marble, which is found in the quarries of Tortoſa. That marble looks as fine as porphyry, and as Tortoſa ſtands by the ſeaſide at the mouth of the river *Ebro*, I wonder it is not exported to foreign countries, and more generally known than it is. The columns of the dome have their capitals and pedeſtals of gilt braſs. The image and pillar are to be removed under the dome when quite finiſhed, and there placed on an altar, the forepart of which is to be a maſſy plate of ſilver of ſix hundred pounds weight, if this is not a Spaniſh exaggeration.

Zaragozza

Zaragozza is perhaps the only town in Chriſtendom that has two cathedrals. This church of *Nueſtra Señora* is one, and called the *new* cathedral. The *old* is an antique edifice, a minute deſcription of which would take up a volume, ſo many are the ſingular things that it contains. I will only mention a wooden crucifix, whoſe nails grow once a year. To what purpoſe the crucifix performs this miracle, I know not. What need has it of nails? Perhaps the parings of them were formerly diſpoſed as relicks among the devout. At preſent they are not; therefore the miracle is performed to no purpoſe.

A number of canons officiate alternately ſix months in one church, and ſix in the other. The common people here affirm that the old cathedral was built by the Moriſcos, and ſerved them as chief moſque. But ſome antiquarians ſay the contrary, and that it was a work of the chriſtians during the reign of thoſe ſame

Moriſcos,

Moriſcos, who permitted them a free exerciſe of their religion in many parts of Spain, and eſpecially in Aragon. Had the Spaniards imitated their example when they got the better of them, their country would in all probability have been more populous: But whether it would have enjoyed the inteſtine peace that was procured by their expulſion, is another queſtion.

As to the image and pillar, the Aragonians are poſitive, that they were both ſent down from heaven at the time the apoſtle *San Yago (St. James)* was on his miſſion in this part of the world. That the image then ſpake to the apoſtle, and encouraged him to preach the goſpel to the Spaniards who were then heathens, with a promiſe that ſhe would never be removed from Zaragozza as long as the world laſted, and would be the conſtant protectreſs of the Spaniſh kingdom in general, and of Aragon in particular.

Whether

Whether St. James was ever in Spain, is a point that I ſhould not care to ſtart or contradict on this ſide the Pireneans. I have read ſomewhere that a learned Frenchman called *Godeau* [and biſhop of Vence, if I am not miſtaken] wrote a book on purpoſe to prove that St. James never was in Spain. No Spaniſh biſhop would dare to do as much in any part of this country, though in all probability they are all perſuaded that *Godeau* was right. St. James's body reſts at *Compoſtella* in Galicia, and the ſanctuary there is the ſecond in the Roman Catholick world. The firſt, you know, is our *Loretto*.

The devotion of the Aragonians to their *Nueſtra Señora*, is ſo great, that it has made them almoſt forget another patron they have had during many ages. I mean the warlike St. George, that was alſo revered in former times by the Engliſh as protector of their iſland.

As I am going to-morrow, I cannot tell you any particularity of other public or private buildings to be ſeen here, which are numerous enough, and ſome of them deſerving notice. Much leſs can I ſpeak of the manners and cuſtoms of this people, mark their peculiarities, and point out their deviations from thoſe of the people at Madrid, or in other parts of Spain. To enter into ſuch details would require a reſidence of ſome months. I can only tell you in general, that ſome parts of Zaragozza are very well built; that ſeveral of its ſtreets are ſtraight, long, and ſpacious, eſpecially one called *el Coſſo*, where the nobility and gentry reſort in their coaches on fine evenings to take the air, one coach ſlowly following the other up and down the ſtreet in a proceſſion, as is done on the *Eſplanade* at Turin.

They ſay that the number of theſe inhabitants amounts to little leſs than ſixty thouſand. The town is ſeated on the

the *Ebro*, the moſt conſiderable river in Spain, which has two bridges here, one of ſtone, the other of brick, both very well built. By means of the boats on the *Ebro*, Zaragozza has an eaſy communication with the Mediterranean, which is not forty leagues off. The town of courſe carries on ſome ſort of trade. No town in this kingdom, except Madrid, abounds ſo much in nobility and rich people, of whom about four hundred keep their coaches as I am told. Yet amongſt this nobility there are but few grandees, as they chuſe to reſide at Madrid ſo long as their incomes will permit them to make a figure there.

The kingdom of Aragon was re-conquered from the Moriſco's by its own inhabitants, and cleared of thoſe Mahometans before any other of the Spaniſh provinces. And as no prince in Chriſtendom laid then any claim to it, or, if any did, it was diſregarded, the Aragonians choſe themſelves a king; as many

legends and romances inform us, rather than hiſtory, the events of thoſe times being very much involved in obſcurity. Inſtead however of making a noble preſent of their kingdom to the man whom they firſt raiſed to their throne, the Aragonians impoſed ſuch conditions upon him, that made it ſcarce worth accepting. One of thoſe conditions was, that his authority ſhould be controled by a magiſtrate called *El Juſticia*, whoſe power was in effect much greater than the royal. On the acceſſion of every king to the crown, the *Juſticia* came to ſpeak theſe words to his mock-majeſty. *Nos que valemos tanto como vos, os hazemos nueſtro rey y ſeñor, con tal que guardeis nueſtros fueros y libertades: ſi no, no.* That is, " We who are as good as you, chuſe " you for our king and lord, on condi- " tion that you protect our laws and " liberties. If not, we chuſe you not."

Let the conditions be ever ſo hard, few private men will have conſtancy to

refuſe a kingdom: but ſuch a compliment was too ludicrous and inſulting, to be long ſuffered by him who was raiſed to the higheſt ſtation, or at leaſt by his ſucceſſors. *Muchos*, ſays Quevedo with great acuteneſs of obſervation, *Muchos tienen paciencia para ſer humildes, mientras no tienen poder para ſer ſobervios.* "Many "will have the patience to ſhow humi- "lity during their inability to ſhow "their pride." This was the caſe with the kings of Aragon, and would have been the caſe with any body elſe. They put up with that diſgraceful form of inſtallation while they were weak, and protected the *fueros y libertades.* But how could they cordially do what reflected diſhonour upon them, what rendered them contemptible in the eyes of all other ſovereigns, and what expoſed them to the laughter of their ſubjects in the act of aſcending the throne? Little was the acquaintance of the ancient Aragonians with human nature,

when they flattered themſelves that their kings would not ſhow as much pride as themſelves whenever they had power. Accordingly, as ſoon as the kings of Aragon became ſtrong enough for the purpoſe, they forced their ſubjects to forbear their irreverential coronation-ſpeech, and rendered the will of the *Juſticia* ſubſervient to their own. For ſome time however, that magiſtrate continued to have great authority, becauſe great powers are not annihilated in haſte; and that authority ſtood for ſeveral ages in the way of the king's. But king Philip II, deſtroyed it totally at one blow upon the following occaſion.

Philip, who was one of the proudeſt and moſt cruel men that ever diſgraced human nature, had a ſecretary of ſtate called *Antonio Perez*. This *Perez* was ordered by Philip to put ſecretly to death a troubleſome agent of his baſtard brother Don John of Auſtria. *Perez* could not help obeying his maſter's order, and accord-

accordingly the agent was murthered by hired ruffians in the ſtreets of Madrid.

The atrocious deed being done, the relations of the agent, who diſcovered the perpetrator of it, perſecuted *Perez* before the ordinary tribunals of juſtice. *Perez* found himſelf in a ſtrange dilemma, as the king on one hand had ſtrictly forbidden him ever to reveal that he had acted by his order, while on the other his majeſty did not chuſe to ſtop the proſecution, though he could have done it with a ſingle word.

It would be too prolix to relate the hardſhips that *Perez* underwent during a trial that laſted ſeveral years. He was thrown into priſon, had his goods confiſcated, and his arms diſlocated by the rack; nor did the king ever take notice of his ſufferings. He often expoſtulated by letters with the king, had recourſe to his majeſty's confeſſor to prevail on his infernal heart to take pity of his torments, and free him from his perſe-

cutors; but all in vain. After many years of impriſonment and torture, *Perez* found means to run away from his jail, and went to Zaragozza, where the *Juſticia*, well acquainted with his whole ſtory, took him under his protection. The people of Zaragozza, who knew as well as the *Juſticia*, that *Perez* had acted by the king's expreſs order in the aſſaſſination of Don John's agent, approved of the protection granted him by their chief magiſtrate, and generouſly reſolved to ſtand by him at all events. The reſolution of the Aragonians exaſperated the proud monarch, who ſeemed to delight in *Perez*'s ſufferings; and no longer diſſembling what the whole world knew, the black tranſaction about the murdered agent, Philip reſolved the death both of *Perez* and the *Juſticia*, together with the annihilation of all the ancient privileges enjoyed by what he called his rebellious ſubjects. Unluckily he had ſtrength enough to bring his barbarous ſcheme imme-

immediately about. He ſent an army into Aragon, too ſtrong to be reſiſted by a populace tumultuouſly aſſembled. The army preſently maſtered Zaragozza, and the *Juſticia* fell into the king's hands, who had him executed an hour after he was taken, without the leaſt form of proceſs, together with a conſiderable number of the people's ringleaders.

Thus was an end put to the power of that magiſtrate, and thus were the Aragonians ſtripped of their laws and liberties. They have now been near two centuries quite as ſubmiſſive to their kings, as the reſt of the Spaniſh ſubjects, and time that obliterates all things, has at length utterly deſtroyed even the remembrance of their *fueros y libertades*. As to *Perez*, he had the good fortune, during the confuſion cauſed by Philip's army when it entered Zaragozza, to make his eſcape into France, where he paſſed the remainder of his wretched life. In France he publiſhed ſome books, from which

which the whole of that cruel tranſaction may be collected. Of thoſe books, which are at preſent become very ſcarce, I have one in my poſſeſſion, intitled CARTAS (that is, LETTERS) *de Antonio Perez*, printed at Paris without a date, and I have read it through. The man complains in ſeveral of thoſe letters of Philip's unparalleled barbarity, both to him and to his innocent family, that was thrown into priſon after his eſcape from Spain, a girl ſix years old not excepted. The memory of that king cannot be ſet in a more deteſtable light. But woe to poor *Perez*, if the brave king Henry IV had not taken him under his protection, and thus ſcreened him from the wanton and unaccountable cruelty of his bloodthirſty maſter!

I have now wandered enough from my ſubject, and return to this day's ſtory. Having viſited the two cathedrals, Don Diego and I returned to the poſada, where we found that Doña Mariana

Mariana had ſome blind beggars called up to ſing and fiddle for the entertainment of little Pepina. Give me leave to regale you with a bit of the ſimple poety of the eyeleſs bards of Zaragozza.

Dican los Eſpañoles
Con grande anhelo
Viva nueſtro monarca
Carlos Tercero.
Hagan ſalva, mirando
Que Carlos llega,
Y deſpicés los clarines
Harán la ſeña.
Zaragozza la noble
Tene un letrero
A do dice que viva
Carlos Tercero.
El diſcreto y prudente,
Sabio y affáble,
Y en quanto a piadoſo
Hijo de madre.

I ſhall

I ſhall not endeavour to make you ſenſible of the *chiſte*, as the Spaniards call it, or the *facetious acuteneſs* contained in the laſt of theſe lines. Let poetry be dull or witty, it is equally impoſſible to tranſlate it in ſuch a manner as to preſerve either the wit or the dulneſs of it. Nor will I attempt to point you out the difference between the language of theſe ſtanzas [which is the vulgar Aragonian] and the true Caſtilian. That difference is too ſmall to deſerve an analyſis. I will only make you obſerve again, that this manner of rhyming ſuch words as *anhélo*, *llega*, and *affáble*, with *tercéro*, *ſeña*, and *madre*, would prove inſupportable to an Italian ear, was it introduced in our language, as we have long been uſed, like the French, to the ſtricteſt reſemblance of ſound in rhyming.

Yet this imperfect conſonance uſed by the Spaniards in their ſongs, appears ſtill leſs ſtrange and uncouth to my unacuſtomed

cuſtomed ear, than that which I find often in their dramas, of a ſimilarity of ſound in the laſt cadence of every other line, during a conſiderable number of lines. What I mean, will be better explained by the following example, which I tranſcribe out of a comedy of Calderon, intitled *El Eſcondido y la Tapada*. A maſter and a ſervant talk thus together in the firſt ſcene.

SERVANT.

Yo, aunque el martirologio
Romano aqui me trax*eran*
Para que eſcogiera muerte
A mi propoſito, fu*era*
Sin agradarme ninguna
Vaniſſima dilig*encia*,
Porque no ay tan bien prendida
Muerte que bien me par*ezca*.
Que culpa tengo yo de que
Tu a morir contento v*engas*
Para traérme de arreáta?

MASTER.

MASTER.

Pues, dime tu, que rezelas
Si tu en nada eſtás culpado,
Ni te hallaſte en la pendencia?

SERVANT.

Pues, ſi un triunfo matadór
Arraſtra los que encuentra,
Un amo matadór, dime,
No arraſtrará (coſa es cierta)
Qualquiera triunfo criado?

MASTER.

No vi locura mas necia.

SERVANT.

Y eſto a una parte, ſeñor,
Que razon ay de que ſéa
Tan cerrado tu capricho,
Que, ya que me traes, no ſepa
A que me traes? Dime pues
Que es lo que en Madrid intentas?

With this ſort of rhyming, both interlocutors go on to the end of the ſcene, which conſiſts of no leſs than two hundred verſes, all alternately ſounding like theſe.

theſe. People not uſed to foreign peculiarities are often apt to fall with little ceremony upon whatever they have not been accuſtomed to. Thus many an Italian have I heard ſtupidly to ridicule the French *Alexandrines*, and the *decaſyllable couplets* of the Engliſh. Thus do many ſhallow critics of France and England find fault both with thoſe ſame *Alexandrines* of France and the *Ottava Rima* of Italy, without conſidering that nature was in every country the teacher of the firſt poets and verſe-makers, and pointed them out the fitteſt metres in their reſpective languages. Indeed I do not recollect any Italian, French, or Engliſh, that ever entered into any criticiſm with regard to the Spaniſh verſification, probably becauſe few amongſt the learned of the three nations were ever ſtudious of the Spaniſh language. Had any of them ever turned his attention that way, many an abſurd judgment would poſſibly have been given upon this

ſubject,

ſubject, as the ſame manner of rhyming is not to be found in England, France, or Italy. But, though I own that to me ſuch a long continuance of aſſonancies, as that mentioned above, is far from proving delightful, yet I take it for granted that it is intrinſically ſo with regard to the natives of this country, ſince their poets ſearch ſtudiouſly after ſuch aſſonancies, and ſcatter them often in the ſcenes of their dramas. My diſlike to them, proves nothing elſe in my opinion, but that I am as yet far from having caught the true, that is, the natural harmony of this language, though in the judgment of ſome I might paſs for a great adept in Spaniſh, as I am able to explain the meaning of as many Spaniſh words as moſt Spaniards.

Let me now make an end of this letter without any further digreſſions. I told you above, that the grapes produced in the neighbourhood of this town, are very fine to the ſight. I tell you now

that

that they are alſo delicious to the taſte; but the wine they yield, is rather too rich and luſcious for the purpoſe of common drinking. I have a notion that this people do not well underſtand the art of making wine, and that they let their grapes ripen too much, which is the cauſe, as I take it, of that over-luſciouſneſs and oilineſs of their wines. A couple of glaſſes of the beſt, have ſatiated me more, than half a dozen of ſome French and Piedmonteſe wine would have done.

Zaragozza is a corruption of *Cæſarea Auguſta*. The change of *Cæſarea* into *Zara* is not peculiar to Spain. The town of *Zara* in Dalmatia, was likewiſe called *Cæſarea* by the Romans.

LETTER LXVIII.

Ugliness miraculous, with a guess at the reason of it. Particoloured tiles. Slow travelling advantageous. Churches and other buildings at Zaragozza. Pictures representing martyrs. Spanish and Piedmontese lawyers not to be admired. Painted statues. The idle and the poor equally resort to noted sanctuaries. A country-lass kissed by surprise. Blank verse and assonancias, *&c.*

Villafranca, Oct. 22, 1760.

YOU will think it a conceit rather than an observation, when I tell you that of all the miraculous *Madonas*, or *Nuestras Señoras* [as the Spaniards term them] to be seen in various parts of the Roman Catholick world, there is perhaps not one that has been painted or carved with a handsome face.

Besides

Beſides that in *Turin*, which we call *La Conſolata*, I have ſeen ſeveral other in various parts of Italy, ſuch as that of *Mondevi*, that of *San Celſo* at *Milan*, that of *Caravaggio*, two or three in *Venice*, and above all that moſt renowned of *Loretto*. I have taken particular notice of each; and indeed there is not one in the number, but what would diſgrace the moſt pitiful amongſt our modern painters both in point of drawing and colouring. They all have either a diſtorted noſe, or a mouth too large, or a diſproportionate chin, or ſome other ſuch defect, beſides that they are all black, or of a brick colour. That of Zaragozza is no better than the reſt, as I could ſee, though I looked at it through a hole, and by the dim light of a lamp hung before it. Yet the Spaniards will have it, that it was made by the angels, as our Italians pretend that the greateſt part of theirs were the work of St. *Luke*.

We muſt not however wonder at the barbarity of the pencils or chizzels that formed them, becauſe they were the ſhapeleſs productions of unpoliſhed ages. What I wonder at is, that of the many beautiful ones painted by Raphael, Guido, Caracci, Titian, Saſſoferrato, Maratti, and numberleſs other good painters, there is not one, to which the power of working miracles was ever attributed. No, not even the *Pietá* by the greateſt artiſt that ever Italy admired, could cure the leaſt fever, or relieve the ſmalleſt tooth-ache of the moſt devout woman in Rome.

Diſcourſing upon this ſubject with my new friend the Canon, and making him obſerve this want of power in the beſt painted madonas, and ſearching after ſome plauſible reaſon for ſuch a ſtrange phenomenon, we could not find a better, than that his *Murillos* and *Vélaſquez*, as well as our *Michelangelos* and *Raphaels*, when they painted or carved any, were not

not actuated by that fervour of devotion which inflamed the ſimple artiſts of the ignorant ages, but gave way to the vanity of ſhowing their ſuperior ſkill in their art; and thus it happens (added the Canon) that thoſe amongſt our ſacred orators, who court admiration by an over-niceneſs of language and rapidity of eloquence, ſeldom or never perform a converſion, whereas the plain preacher, who has no other view than that of driving ſin out of the world, generally awakes contrition in the beſt part of his audience.

I forgot to tell you yeſterday, that the outſide of the new cathedral's five cupolas, are formed of concave and convex tiles alternately placed, ſome coloured red, ſome blue, ſome green, and ſome yellow, like Harlequin's dreſs. Yet the regularity of ſuch a diſpoſition makes thoſe cupolas look very pretty at a diſtance. Let us now come to the ſtory of this day.

We went yeſterday but ſix leagues, and to-day only five. This you will think tedious travelling, but I am not intirely of this opinion. Since I am about it, I diſlike not the opportunity of inſpecting at leiſure the country I am croſſing. Thus I can make obſervations that would otherwiſe eſcape, were I to haſten onwards with greater ſpeed; though a ſlow paſſage through places in which there is nothing particular to be ſeen, ſometimes gives diſguſt. For this reaſon I was not diſpleaſed laſt night, when my caleſſeros begged I would indulge them to ſet out to-day at noon inſtead of ſeven in the morning. I took advantage of the intermediate hours to run about Zaragozza, and look at the churches and other large edifices.

Whoever goes through that town, ought to ſee the church of St. Laurence, and its chief altar. Not far from it, there is that of St. Peter Velaſquez, which, they ſay, is the richeſt in the town,

town, but as it was ſhut, I could not ſee it. That of the Jeſuits is ſmall, but the inſide of it is entirely gilt over, which has a moſt ſurpriſing effect. The cloyſters of it are decorated with large portraits of all thoſe Jeſuits who have been cardinals or ſaints, and with many other of great lords and ladies that were benefactors to the Loyolan order.

Next the Jeſuits church there is an hoſpital that goes by the appellation of *holy*. It receives above ſeven hundred ſick of both ſexes. The church that belongs to it, though conſiderably large, is very dark, owing to the lowneſs of its cieling, which a tall man might almoſt touch by raiſing up his hand. I never ſaw a more diſproportionate building, but that diſproportion is not totally without awfulneſs. They ſay it was a work of the Moriſcos.

The church of the Franciſcans is alſo worth ſeeing, eſpecially its great altar, and a ſmall chapel behind it, formed of

the moſt curious marbles that are to be found in Spain. In the vaſt cloyſters that are annexed to the church, inſtead of portraits of lords and ladies, ſuch as in that of the Jeſuits, there are hiſtorical pictures *a freſco*, that repreſent ſome of the many Franciſcans who ſuffered martyrdom in various parts of the world. The ſeveral artiſts that have been employed in that work, ſeem to have ranſacked their imaginations to invent exquiſite tortures for the poor friars, of whom ſome are exhibited in the act of being ſawed alive, or dragged along on uneven ſtones by horſes and bulls, or trampled upon by elephants, or tranſfixed by iron-ſpits and roaſted over a large fire by heathens, who grin through their buſhy wiſkers, beſides many that have their arms and legs cut off, or are ſimply hanged or beheaded.

St Gaetano's church contains likewiſe many things that are worth ſeeing. It belongs to a modern order called *of the*

pious

pious ſchools, and the friars there enjoy the privilege of teaching the Latin grammar to boys; which privilege was by the good friars lately wreſted from the Jeſuits, after a very long and ſtrenuous conteſt.

The palace of the archbiſhop lies on the right bank of the *Ebro* at equal diſtance from the two bridges. Its external appearance is but indifferent, but I am told that ſome of its apartments are as grand as the grandeſt in Madrid. I had not time to ſee them.

The *Audiencia*, that is, the chief court of judicature, is alſo a clumſy building when inſpected from without. The Canon tells me, that the numerous lawyers who get their livelihood out of it, are full as able as thoſe of Madrid to puzzle a cauſe and fleece their clients. It ſeems that in Spain as well as in Italy, the profeſſors of the law make it a point, amongſt other things, to ſpeak and write a moſt barbarous jargon of their own, which they pompouſly call the language of the law.

law. You may read our *Cervantes* and *Calderons* for ever, ſays the Canon; but you will never get ſufficient Spaniſh to underſtand our advocates when holding forth in our *Audiencias*, in civil as well as in criminal matters. A man wins or loſes his ſuit, is acquitted or hanged, without having underſtood a word of what has been urged for or againſt him. Our men of ſenſe and learning conſider our lawyers as the chief and inceſſant corrupters both of our language and of our eloquence, as each ſeems to ſtrive to outdo the reſt of his fraternity in quaintneſs of conceits and barbarity of phraſeology. We have long exclaimed againſt the abſurdity of ſuch a practice, and our kings have iſſued many ordinances to aboliſh it; but to no effect. The *Picapleytos* (Pettifoggers) ſtill go on in the old way, making a horrible hodge-podge of ancient and modern Spaniſh, of French, Latin, Greek, and Arabick. I do not caricature, continues the Canon.

They ſay, that our new monarch has taken this ugly practice into conſideration, and is abſolutely reſolved upon forcing the lawyers to ſpeak plain Caſtilian in ſpight of themſelves; but this is not to be brought about in my opinion, if he does not *ahorcar la mitad d'ellos (hang one half of them;)* that is, of the tranſgreſſors of his future orders in this particular. The abuſe is ſo univerſal, and has taken ſuch a deep root, that I think it paſt all remedy.

What the Canon ſays of the Spaniſh lawyers, we can likewiſe ſay of the Italian in general, and of our Piedmonteſe in particular. I underſtand my native dialect as well as any of them, and am not ignorant of the other languages our lawyers mix with it at the bar; but never could I clearly make out a whole period in any of their ſpeeches; ſuch is the art, with which they contrive their medley; beſides that many of their words are quite arbitrary, and not to be

met

met with in any dictionary, lexicon, or gloſſary. It is a great ſhame that they are ſuffered to go on, and that they are not compelled to ſpeak in ſuch a manner as to be underſtood by the generality of their hearers. How different the lawyers of Paris and London! I have heard many in both cities expreſs themſelves with a purity and elegance, that would do honour to the beſt writers; and many are the printed *Plaidoyers* of the French advocates, that might be given for models of elocution as well as of juſt reaſoning. Indeed, we Piedmonteſe, together with the Spaniards [if my Canon ſpeaks truth, as I think he does] are at leaſt two hundred years behind the French and the Engliſh in this reſpect. But let me finiſh my haſty tour through Zaragozza.

The viceroy's palace there, is very remarkable, not for the beauty of its architecture, but for its bulk, and ſtill more for its gate overloaded with whimſical

ſical and ſenſeleſs ornaments. On each ſide of it there is a gigantick ſtatue, both ill-carved and painted in natural colours, that the giants may appear ſtill more diſagreeable to the ſight, than they otherwiſe would if the ſtone had been left plain. In Madrid as well as in Zaragozza I have obſerved that the taſte has once prevailed of painting their ſtatues, both the fleſh and the drapery; and there is the dome of a ſacriſty in Madrid that exhibits a vaſt baſs-relief made in this abſurd and childiſh taſte.

In Zaragozza the common beggars are much more numerous than in Madrid. In the new cathedral eſpecially, one meets with ſo many, that there is no ſuch thing as to recite an *Ave* without being interrupted at every word by the importunating demands of an alms. But this is the caſe wherever there are ſanctuaries of any note. The idle as well as the neceſſitous, reſort in crowds to them, knowing very well, that thoſe who viſit them,

them, will in general be liberal to them, out of that ſame pious principle that induces them to ſuch viſitations.

About noon I came a-foot out of Zaragozza, and enjoyed a few minutes the fine public walks that are without its walls, all bordered with ſtraight rows of high and beautiful trees, which have not yet caſt off their leaves, though the autumn is far advanced. This may give you an idea of the ſweetneſs of this climate, one of the very beſt in Spain.

About two leagues from the town I met again with male and female peaſants carrying home their grapes, ſome on carts, ſome on aſſes and mules, and ſome in baſkets upon their heads. Amongſt the number I ſingled out a group of three pretty wenches, who ſmiled at me, and courteſied repeatedly as I approached them, but rather in a mocking manner than otherwiſe. *Muchachas*, ſaid I, *quereis venderme un racimillo?* "*Girls will you ſell me a bunch of your grapes?*"

"*grapes?*" No, no, ſaid they all at once: we don't ſell any; but you are welcome to pick what you pleaſe out of our baſkets; and laid them down on the ground. I made uſe of their kindneſs; but inſiſted that I would ſtrangle the youngeſt of them with a ſilk handkerchief I happened to have in my pocket, and throwing it ſuddenly about her neck, pulled her to me, gave her a kiſs on the forehead, quitted the handkerchief, and took to my heels. They laughed obſtreperouſly at ſuch an unexpected proceeding, and called me back to take more of their *racémos*; but I went on waving my hand, and crying *a dios mozas, a dios muchachas.*

Such ſort of civilities are not commonly met with amongſt the ruſtics of any country, whatever our Arcadian poets may ſay, who have fixed the abode of urbanity amongſt the inhabitants of the fields, directly againſt the etymology

logy * of the word. I have obſerved in all countries, that the generality of peaſants are far from deſerving the character that innumerable bards have given them. I have always found that their groſſneſs equals their ignorance, that they are ſtupidly malignant and ſhy, and, above all, quite tenacious, even of what they have in the greateſt plenty. But *vivant* my country-laſſes of *La Puebla*, which is the name of the village they were going to. They are an exception to the univerſal character of the ruſticks, and I wiſh I was ſuch a maſter of the Aragonian dialect as to be able to compoſe half a dozen eclogues in their commendation.

Juſt by *La Puebla* I was overtaken by my caleſſeros, and received the compliments of the Canon upon the goodneſs of my legs that could carry me ſo far on ſo hot a day, eſpecially after my long morning walk about the town. The

* *Urbanitas ab urbe.*

more

more I hear him talk, the more I like him. He is as grave as becomes his character; yet he is chearful, and will attempt a joke from time to time. His health is not ſo good as I could wiſh; but though afflicted by the gravel and ſome concomitant diſorders, he does not whine and complain, as feeble men will perpetually do, but bears his evils with patient reſignation. He ſeems much read in his native language, and if I can judge of what I know not, by what I know, the characters he gives to the writers of his country ſeem to me very juſt. From *la Puebla* to this *Villafranca* we talked of poetry, which in Spain he thinks as yet much below the perfection to which it might be carried. He is as great an enemy to the *Aſſonancias* as I am to *blank verſe*, and ſays, that they have been invented by idleneſs, quoting ſeveral authorities, which ſhow that he is not ſingular in his opinion; but the misfortune is, that ſeveral of their moſt

popular poets have given their ſanction to the *Aſſonancias*; ſo that it will never be poſſible to drive them out of their poems, be they ever ſo much degraded by ſo abſurd a practice.

How far my Canon is right or wrong in theſe aſſertions, I am not in a condition to determine. If ever I return to Spain, it will poſſibly be in my power to know more of this matter.

Here we did not find Don Diego, who having ſet out this morning three full hours before us, has puſhed forwards to *Bujalaróz* or *Peñalba*: ſo that I ſhall not ſee him again until we reach *Cerbéra*, which I hope to do within four days. I have nothing elſe to ſay, but that the country has continued delightfully fine the whole afternoon as well as the weather.

LET-

LETTER LXIX.

Wiſdom of travel-writers. Character of the Aragonians. Ambition *and* Intereſt, *how called by the Spaniards. Dancing a harmleſs paſtime. People work that can work. Sun and land nearly uſeleſs without water. Induſtry of the Biſcayans and Aſturians. Why Aragon is more fertile than New Caſtile.* Arrieros, *and their manner of life. Variety of pronunciations. The Canon is right in my opinion. Satyrical and bucolic poets, why not hurtful, though they lye. A ſmall deſart. The rent of a* Venta. *Virtue ill-lodged. Knitting women.*

Bujalaróz, Oct. 23, 1760.

THE greateſt part of travel-writers, as I have already obſerved, have for theſe two centuries paſt, and more, endeavoured to give a bad character to every nation, except their own: nor can the inhabitants of this kingdom reaſon-

ably complain of not having had their full ſhare of itinerary ſcurrility, as they have been honoured very often with the ſeveral appellations of *idle*, *proud*, *jealous*, *ſuperſtitious*, *luſtful*, *vindictive*, and ſo forth.

That theſe, and other ſuch noble qualities, are pretty common wherever there are men, few people, I think, will have the confidence to deny. The only point to be ſettled is, what proportion of goodneſs and wickedneſs there is between one and another nation, when compared together, that we may diſtribute proportionate portions of love and hatred to the countries which have the greater or ſmaller ſtock either of wickedneſs or of goodneſs.

But whatever rambling computers may have done, in order to aſſiſt our judgment on ſuch a knotty ſubject, and make us rightly determine which nation is moſt amiable, and which is moſt deteſtable, I muſt humbly confeſs for my part, that my

my powers were always too groſs for this kind of moral arithmetic, and that I am unable to ſet this ballance between any two of the few nations I have viſited.

That the Spaniards, conſidered in the totality, have as rich a ſtore of wickedneſs as any other nation under heaven, it would be highly abſurd not to ſuppoſe. Yet, ſhould we be willing to believe my new acquaintance, the Canon of Siguenza, his countrymen the Aragonians would in a good meaſure be excepted out of the ſuppoſition, as he ſtoutly inſiſts that they are all very good, eſpecially when brought into compariſon with the inhabitants of other Spaniſh provinces.

Many are the fine things that the good man has told me to day in commendation of the Aragonians; and his aſſertions he has backed with ſuch plauſible reaſons, as my ſcanty knowledge of this province in particular, and of Spain in

general, will not permit me to invalidate or contradict.

" I have taken many a ramble through " our provinces (ſays the Canon) and " have been many years a confeſſor in " ſeveral parts of them. Of courſe I " have had numberleſs opportunities of " forming ſuch eſtimates of our peo- " ple's various characters, as cannot be " formed by any claſs of men of a pro- " feſſion different from mine; much " leſs by erratick foreigners, that only " come, like you, to take a peep, and " run away. I think therefore myſelf " intitled to a good ſhare of your belief, " when I tell you that the Aragonians " in particular are one of the beſt na- " tions you could viſit, and that the " Spaniards in general do not deſerve " the harſh treatment they have met " with from every ſtranger who ever " croſſed this country with his quill in " his hand, as I ſee that you are doing."

I am

I am leſs a friend to travel-writers, anſwered I, than you may perhaps imagine, and can verily aſſure you, that it is not my intention to tread in the footſteps of the greateſt part of them. It is true that I take down memorandums of every thing I ſee and hear, as I go on in my journey. But you may already have ſeen that I am not much diſpoſed to be peeviſh and out of humour; therefore you muſt not look upon me as a man who will revenge himſelf of the trifling inconveniencies he has met with in this country, at the expence of its inhabitants. Be ſure, good ſir, that I am much more pleaſed with opportunities of ſpeaking well than ill of any people; and as you ſeem to have a deal of good to ſay of the Aragonians, impart it to me, and be ſure that I will ſome how or other have it all inſerted into the account of my journey through Spain.

Such a promiſe was viſibly moſt acceptable to the good man: and thus, or

nearly thus, did he go on with his discourse.

" In Zaragozza, as in every other of " our great towns, I will freely own to " you, that wicked people are not rare; " and that I have sometimes heard there " of such iniquities, as it is almost with- " out the power of the All-merciful to " forgive. But setting that great town " aside, and speaking only of the pro- " vince, which is one of the largest and " best inhabited in the kingdom, I can " tell you with truth, that I scarcely " ever had any great occasion for " chiding and reprimanding my peni- " tents, as I have always seen that those " of their thoughts, which are not " taken up by the care of their unavoid- " able occupations, are chiefly engrossed " by the mass and the rosary, the pro- " cession and the benediction, and other " things of this kind.

" People remarkably wicked (conti- " nued the Canon) are not easily to be

" heard

" heard of in this, nor indeed in any
" other of our inland provinces. We
" muſt go to Madrid, or to our great
" ſea-towns, to hear of great, ſingular,
" and frequent acts of wickedneſs. The
" air of the court, I ſay it to my ſor-
" row, is certainly peſtilential to too
" many; nor does that from the ſea
" prove much better than that of the
" court. And it is not difficult to
" aſſign the reaſon why immorality
" reigns in thoſe places diſproportion-
" ably more than amongſt us who are
" equally removed from court and the
" ſea. Both at court and in the ſea-
" towns, men ride in a manner on the
" whirlwinds of intereſt and ambition;
" which two paſſions are by our mo-
" raliſts properly termed *los dos cuernos*
" *mas grandes del Demonio*, " *the two*
" *biggeſt horns of the Devil.*" But in
" our inland provinces, thinly ſcattered
" with large and opulent places, the
" greateſt part of the inhabitants are
" ruſticks,

" ruſticks, whoſe time cannot otherwiſe
" be employed than in the innocent
" occupations of the field: and you
" know that thoſe who muſt live by
" the product of uninterrupted labour,
" cannot be ſo vicious as thoſe whom
" court-favour or commerce enriches
" often with rapidity; which is what
" agriculture will not eaſily do any
" where, and moſt particularly in this
" province of Aragon.

" Throughout this province (con-
" tinued the good man) life is lived
" on with the greateſt ſimplicity and
" uniformity. People generally riſe be-
" times, and work during the day with
" ſcarce any intermiſſion; nor do they
" aſſemble many together on working
" days before it is night. But as ſoon
" as the ſun is gone, both ſexes join
" every where to ſing and dance with a
" fury, that you would think them out
" of their ſenſes, if you could ſee them
" when they begin to grow hot in it;

" and

" and this practice is so general in the
" greatest part of our provinces, that
" was it possible for you to see the king-
" dom at one glance when day-light has
" disappeared, you would see by much
" the greater part of its inhabitants
" briskly shaking their heels to the
" sound of their guittars, castanets, and
" voices, old men and young children
" not excepted, if they have but suffi-
" cient vigour of legs."

And do you verily take this practice to be innocent? I know that in many countries it is not reckoned quite so, and I know that there is not in Italy one preaching friar, but what declaims against it as often as he can. May be, sir, you don't know that in the countries belonging to the Pope, who is the head of your religion as well as ours, the rulers of every community, especially those chiefly consisting of peasants, have a strict charge to keep them from as-

ſembling to dance at any time, even in carnival.

" I don't know (replied the Canon) " what effects may be produced amongſt " the Italians by the practice of dancing. " But amongſt us, daily and univerſal " as it is, 'tis not at all conducive to " vice. May be your countrymen are " leſs religious than mine, and their " remiſſneſs in religion expoſes them " more than it does us, to the ambuſhes " of the devil. Be this as it will, *el* " *baylar es coſa buena*, " *dancing is a good* " *thing*;" we ſay it proverbially; and if " it was a bad one, there are prieſts and " friars enough who would declaim ſo " powerfully againſt it, as to diminiſh " or aboliſh it. But long experience " has perſuaded us, that our nightly " dances, though often a little too free " with regard to poſtures and geſtures, " ſtill are the moſt harmleſs diverſion " that our lower claſſes can have; and I " really think that if they were abo-

" liſhed,

" liſhed, our people would have re-
" courſe to worſe expedients to amuſe
" their evenings; therefore neither the
" eccleſiaſtical, nor the civil power ever
" made the leaſt attempt towards their
" ſuppreſſion, as nations muſt have di-
" verſions of ſome kind or other."

To crown the labours of the day (ſaid I) with nightly rejoicings, and of the moſt innocent kind, as you pretend, is a mode of life ſo very paſtoral, that I am almoſt tempted to think you are but repeating what you have read in paſtoral romances. I am however of your opinion that the inhabitants of the country neither have, nor can have the vices that townſmen can and will have. But, ſir, are not the Aragonian ruſticks full as ſlothful and averſe to labour, as the reſt of this nation, which has the reputation throughout Europe of being the moſt ſlothful and proud in the world?

" I know (replied the Canon with
" the greateſt compoſure) that the
" French

" French have long reproached us with
" pride and enmity to labour. I know
" that they tell each other of the ſwords
" our peaſants wear, even when they
" follow the plough; and how they
" are ſollicitous to ſhow them, that they
" may be thought gentlemen. I know
" that we are laughed at for hanging
" even the walls of our cottages with
" our genealogies, and that our ſmalleſt
" *Hidalgos* think themſelves deſcended
" of anceſtors full as glorious as the
" king. But let Frenchmen be as witty
" as they pleaſe, their abſurd aſſertions
" do us no great harm. 'Tis true that
" even our lower claſſes have a good
" ſhare of ſpirit, and are far from
" thinking meanly of themſelves: but
" do they differ in this from other na-
" tions? Are not all mankind full as
" vain-glorious and proud as we? A
" rare diſcovery indeed, to have found
" out that men are proud and vain-
" glorious! Did they need croſs the

" Pireneans

" Pireneans to make it? But it is not
" true that our low people hang their
" walls with their pedigrees: it is not
" true that our peaſants wear ſwords:
" and it is not true that our *Hidalgos*
" of any claſs think themſelves as noble
" as the king.

" Then with regard to our pretended
" averſion to labour, I muſt tell you
" that all will work who can, in the
" ſame proportion that people do in
" other countries. Should our people
" forbear work, they would ſoon ſtarve,
" as our rivers run with no more milk
" and honey than the rivers of other
" countries. Do we not all live? And
" is not that a proof that we work? In-
" deed we do, and wherever our land is
" ſuſceptible of cultivation, our land is
" cultivated. To be convinced of this,
" give but yourſelf time to beſtow ſome
" attention on our vineyards as you go
" forwards through Aragon and Cata-
" lonia. You will ſee in both provinces

" that

" that we have no need to learn of the
" French the art of rearing vines. And
" if we know the art of cultivating the
" vine as well as the French, why
" ſhould we be ſuppoſed more ignorant
" than they, in the other art of multi-
" plying corn? This art is very well
" underſtood in our wheat-provinces,
" as you might ſee, if you would go to
" viſit Old Caſtile, and ſeveral other
" parts of Spain. It is only when ſum-
" mers prove perfectly dry, and no rain
" will fall during ſeveral months, that
" we are obliged to ſend out of the
" kingdom for corn: otherwiſe we have
" ſufficient quantities every where: nor
" is it our fault when it does not rain
" in the proper ſeaſons, and when our
" harveſts are parched before they come
" to maturity. But due rains ſpread
" plenty throughout our corn-provinces,
" and there we have farmers (in Old
" Caſtile particularly) who are able to
" give, by way of portion, thouſands

" of doubloons to their daughters; nor " are the *Hidalgos* few, whoſe ancient " caſtles are ſometimes repaired by " means of lucky weddings with * *Don-* " *zellas del campo.*

" You will perhaps object, that you " have taken notice yourſelf of ſpacious " tracts of deſart land in Eſtremadura, " Toledo, New Caſtile, and even in " this our more fertile province. But " obſerve, that, if thoſe tracts lie un- " cultivated, the fault is not to be " attributed to the inhabitants. How " would you have them cultivate land " where there is no water? Can we " form rivers and ſtreams to moiſten our " deſarts? Make us as powerful as the " Romans of old, and thus enable us " to build aqueducts twenty, thirty,

* *Hidalgo* [a contraction of *Hijo d' algo, ſon of ſomebody*] means a man of noble-deſcent; and a *Donzella del campo* ſignifies *a country maiden, a ruſtick beauty.*

" and even a hundred leagues in length,
" as the Romans did when they poſſeſſed
" this country. You will then ſee, that
" we like idleneſs and deſarts no better
" than the French.

" But ſetting aſide impoſſibilities, I
" wiſh you had an opportunity of viſit-
" ing Biſcay, Aſturias, the kingdom of
" Valencia, and ſome other of thoſe
" provinces that have no ſcarcity of
" running water. In none of them you
" would find a ſpan of land, but what is
" rendered fruitful by cultivation. There
" you would ſee luxuriant vines, and all
" ſorts of fruit-trees, adorn even the
" ſteepeſt cliffs; the ſurface of hard
" rocks, battered to duſt with pick-
" axes, receive all kinds of ſeeds; and
" corn and legumes produced in places,
" that one would think ſcarce acceſ-
" ſible to goats. Water, you know, is
" the great parent of vegetation, and,
" without it, both ſun and land become
" nearly uſeleſs for the purpoſe of agri-
" culture:

" culture: but water cannot be created
" by men; and where we have none,
" the land muſt lie juſt as it is. This
" province of Aragon, as you may have
" obſerved, abounds more in ſtreams
" than New Caſtile; therefore you find
" it more fruitful. For the ſame reaſon
" you will find Catalonia ſtill better
" than Aragon, as the more you advance
" towards the ſea, the running ſtreams
" become more numerous, and have a
" competent declivity, which facilitates
" the branching of them out artifici-
" ally, and ſpreading them wherever it
" is thought proper. Conclude, if you
" chuſe, from ſuch accidental circum-
" ſtances, that the Catalans are more
" induſtrious than the Aragonians, or
" that the Aragonians are more addicted
" to labour than the New Caſtilians;
" but give me leave to ſmile at your
" French way of drawing concluſions."

You ſhall not, ſaid I, upon my word; as I have long been of opinion, that

men are much more alike throughout, than ſome people would make us believe. But thanking you for your digreſſion, be ſo good as to let me hear a little more of the Aragonians.

" I repeat it again, (continued the " Canon,) that the Aragonians have as " few vices, as any other people upon " earth. You may poſſibly ſay, that " mere abſence of vice is but an indif- " ferent kind of virtue; nor do I pre- " tend to decorate it with ſuch a name. " But true and active virtue is not to be " expected from multitudes; nor is it " perhaps neceſſary that the groſs of " mankind ſhould be virtuous in the " exalted ſenſe of the word, ſince ab- " ſence of vice is ſufficient to the chief " purpoſes of ſociety. Let us not " launch however into this ſpeculation " for the preſent. It is enough that " the Aragonians are far from being a " worthleſs ſet of men. I know them " thoroughly, and can aſſure you that

" the

" the groſs of them are free from de-
" grading vices. Gluttony and ebriety
" are words, to which they annex the
" moſt hateful ideas. They are not idle
" when they can help it: they are not
" ſuch liars as the low people through-
" out France are ſaid to be: they are
" not addicted to ſtealing, and have
" the reputation throughout Spain of
" making the beſt ſervants: they are
" not quarrelſome, but live in peace
" and affection with their neighbours.
" One of the proofs that they are not
" vicious, is the haſte they make to-
" wards marriage; nor do they ſwerve
" eaſily from conjugal fidelity when they
" are once bound in wedlock. Even
" our *arrieros (mule-drivers)* who are
" inceſſantly journeying up to Madrid,
" keep true to their wives, and it is one
" of their ambitions to throw into their
" laps a piece of gold earned by a jour-
" ney, the moment they re-enter their
" houſes.

" I will not ſay (added the good man) " that this character is applicable to all " the lower claſſes throughout the king- " dom, and that ſome of our number- " leſs *arrieros* cannot get drunk, ſwear " wicked oaths, and have ſomething to " ſay to every wench at the poſadas. " Thoſe of Valencia and Galicia in par- " ticular, are ſaid to be a wicked breed, " and as ſuch we ſee them often repre- " ſented upon our ſtage. But allowance " muſt always be made for notions of " this kind, that often have their ſource " in prejudice, pique, and other cauſes, " not eaſily traced back to their origin. " The Gallicians and Valencians ſpeak " dialects that ſound diſagreeably to the " ears of the Caſtilians, and of us, who " ſpeak nearly Caſtilian: and I have " often obſerved, that difference in " ſpeech is often ſufficient to raiſe an " antipathy between the ſeveral parts of " a nation, and induce one to depre- " ciate, cenſure, and hate the other."

This,

This, interrupted I, is exactly the caſe with ſome of our petty nations of Italy. But, ſir, have you many provinces in Spain, the dialects of which are not underſtood by the inhabitants of Caſtile and Aragon?

" You will ſee one (anſwered the " Canon) within two days. They have " a dialect in Catalonia, that you will " certainly not underſtand. We know " very well that at bottom it is Spaniſh; " but the Catalans maſk it ſo much by " pronunciation, and have beſides inter- " larded it ſo copiouſly with Italian, " French, Gaſcoon, Provencial, and " even Biſcayan words, that it proves " quite as difficult for us to learn, as " any other language of Europe. The " dialect of Valencia borders much upon " the Catalonian, but is not ſo hard for " us to comprehend. The Galician we " look likewiſe upon as a ſtrange ſpeech; " yet we comprehend it near as well as " we do the Portugueſe. In ſhort, the

" more we go from New Caſtile, the " more difference we find in our dia- " lects, as you will eaſily conceive. But " the moſt difficult for us to learn is " the *Baſcuenze*, otherwiſe called *La* " *Lengua Baſcongada*; that is, the lan- " guage, which extends from the town " of *Irún* to that of *Tafalla* on one " ſide, and that of *Santandér* on the " other."

I am ſo little acquainted, ſaid I, with your geography, that I muſt beg of you to tell me where thoſe three towns are ſituated, as I ſcarcely ever heard of their names before.

" No wonder (replied the Canon,) as " none of them is very conſiderable. " But *Irún* lies on a river called *Beóvia* " by the Biſcayans, and *Bidaſſóa* by the " French. *Irún* is about half a league " diſtant from the *Iſla de los Faiſanes*; " that is, an iſlet in that river, not half " a mile in circumference, which has " been pretty famous ever ſince the

" important

" important conference that was held in
" it by our honeſt *Don Luis de Haro*,
" and your cunning *Cardinal Mazarine*.

" The ſmall town of *Tafalla* lies in
" the *kingdom of Navarre*, ſix leagues
" to the ſouth from its capital, called
" *Pampeluna*: and *Santandér* is a ſmall
" ſea-port-town, placed at the extre-
" mity of *Biſcay* towards the principality
" of *Aſturias*.

" *Irúm*, *Tafalla*, and *Santandér* form
" a kind of triangle, of which *San-*
" *tandér* is the acuteſt point. Within
" that triangle are compriſed the princi-
" pality of *Biſcay*, the ſmall province
" of *Guipúſcoa*, the beſt part of *Na-*
" *varre*, its capital not excepted, and
" a narrow diſtrict called *Alava*. No
" dialect of the Spaniſh language is
" ſpoke within that triangle, but the
" tongue (much more ancient than our
" monarchy) called *Baſcuenze*, as I ſaid,
" or *Lengua Baſcongada*.

" In

" In Biſcay, and ſome parts of *Na-*
" *varre* I have reſided above a twelve-
" month, and there have attempted to
" learn that tongue; but to very little
" purpoſe, as it is of a nature quite
" different from the Latin, Spaniſh,
" and French; nay, if our learned know
" what they ſay, quite different from
" any other language that ever was fami-
" liar to the Europeans.

" But I ſee, that we are quitting our
" firſt ſubject very faſt (ſaid the Canon,)
" and are going to launch into another
" not eaſily to be exhauſted. Let us
" ſave it for to-morrow, as we are ſoon
" going to alight. To-morrow we will
" talk of the Biſcayans, and of their
" language, manners, and country. Let
" us conclude this day's talk with the
" common ſaying, that the Devil is not
" ſo black as he is painted, nor the
" Spaniards ſo idle and wicked as
" Frenchmen are pleaſed to affirm."

Such

Such was the ſubſtance of our long chit-chat this afternoon, and ſuch is the opinion that my new acquaintance has of the inhabitants of Spain in general, and of the Aragonians in particular. But what he has here ſaid of thoſe that live in the inner parts of this kingdom, a man needs be no conjurer to know, that it may likewiſe juſtly be ſaid of all people that live in the inner parts of any large country whatſoever. It is only in great and populous towns, that the profligate can eaſily aſſociate to keep each other in countenance, and hide their wickedneſs behind that of others: whereas in ſmall places, few dare to be vicious, partly for want of company, and partly becauſe wickedneſs is of little uſe, and ſoon detected among the few. The writers of travels are therefore very blameable, who fall indiſtinctly upon any large nation, and brand the whole maſs of its individuals with thoſe vices, which they have happened to remark

more frequent amongſt the inhabitants of a populous metropolis. The peeviſh ſatyriſt, who paints any nation as perfectly corrupted, and the bucolic rhymer, who deſcribes another as perfectly innocent, depart equally from truth, and, as far as in them lies, they both deceive their reader; for which they ought to be equally cenſured; yet not with any degree of ſeverity, as in fact no body is the dupe of their exaggerated pictures and deſcriptions, as every reader has been early taught to make due allowance for poetical malignity, and poetical goodnature. But that man does not come under this predicament, who truſting to the diſtance of places, and the difficulty of detection, repreſents nations in falſe colours, gives a bad character to this, and a worſe to that; thus endeavouring to raiſe and maintain prejudices and animoſities in one part of mankind againſt another. Such a man ought not only to be ſeverely cenſured and deteſted, but

driven amongſt canibals and ſavages, as a common enemy to the great common-wealth of mankind. To avoid being ranked in the claſs of ſuch infamous defamers, let no body write any thing of his travels when in the paroxyſm of that ſpleen, that will naturally beſiege a mind amidſt the numerous and unavoidable inconveniencies of a long journey. Writing only when in good humour, I am pretty confident that we ſhall find all men pretty nearly the ſame in every country, and that no travel-writer ſhall beſtow upon millions the invectives that are ſcarcely deſerved by a few thouſands.

Let us now come to the ſhort ſtory of this day. We dined at the *venta de Santa Lucia*, three leagues diſtant from this village of *Bujalaróz*, and ſituated in the midſt of a ſmall deſart. The *ventero* told me, that he pays annually three hundred

hundred * *peſos duros* for the renting of that wretched houſe, which can ſcarce have coſt ſuch a ſum in building. Nothing is proportionably ſo dear throughout Spain, as the rent of ventas and poſadas. I wonder that the ventero of *Santa Lucia* does not fleece every traveller who happens to alight at his door, to repay himſelf a ſum ſo enormous. But the inceſſant paſſage of large gangs of muleteers, furniſhes him with ſufficient means of ſatisfying his landlord, and maintaining himſelf and family over and above: and the habit of being juſt to thoſe fellows, who certainly would not put up with any impoſition of his, renders him indiſtinctly honeſt with every body elſe, that comes under his roof. He gave the Canon and me a good fowl, a couple of partridges, a ſallad,

* *A* peſo duro *is worth twenty reals; that is, little leſs than five ſhillings ſterling.*

and

and a bit of cheeſe, beſides bread and wine: yet my ſhare of the reckoning did not amount to quite four reals. Had he charged us thrice as much, we ſhould not have thought him immoderate; and I told him ſo as we ſhook hands at parting. I know you would not, anſwered the man: but *yo no quiero ir al infierno por uſtedes*, "*I will not go* "*to hell for the ſake of your worſhips.*" 'Tis pity, thought I, that virtue is ſo miſerably clad, and ſo wretchedly lodged.

A cloud of women ſurrounded us as we alighted here, all haſtily knitting ſtockings, which they offered to ſell us for only nine reals a pair, though their worſted is very fine and very thinly ſpun.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.

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